

Child of the Sixties

An unfinished novel.



By

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A View from the Child of the Sixties

Background:

March 22, 1945 The League of Arab States is formed in Cairo consisting of six members Egypt, Iraq, Jordan, Lebanon Saudi Arabia and Syria. Yemen joined on May 5, 1945. 1956 Sudan and Libya, 1958 Morocco and Tunisia, 1961 Kuwait, 1962 Algeria, 1971 Bahrain, Qatar, Oman, United Arab Emirates, 1973 Mauritania, 1974 Somalia, 1976 Palestine, 1977 Djibouti, 1993 Comoros. The main goal of the league is to draw closer the relations between member States and coordinate collaboration between them, safeguard their independence and sovereignty. The League of Arab States has close ties to Al-Fatah a radical organization with direct lineage to Al-Qaeda.

May 1945 a massive wave of Jews began migrating to Palestine in defiance of British rule. 1946 Britain referred the issue to the newly created United Nations. 1947 civil war in Palestine erupts. The UN Special Committee on Palestine recommends that western Palestine be partitioned into a Jewish state. November 29, 1947 the partition plan is adopted. May 14 1948 the State of Israel is created and the first Arab-Israeli war begins.

July 5 1945 in the Philippine Islands MacArthur announces: "All the Philippines are now liberated." The Moros, are falsely promised self-determination. 1946 American recognition of Independence and national elections are held. 1947 United States is granted a 99-year lease for 16 military reservations including Subic Bay. In 1960 the Moros establish a Islamic rebel group, known as the Moro National Liberation front (MNLF) in the southern territory of the Philippines. 1968 Subic Bay is the main base for supplying troops and supplies to the Vietnam War. 1972 Ferdinand Marcos declares marshal law to quash insurrection and rebellion.

1944 Moroccan public demands independence. 1956 the Morocco achieves independence from French colonialism brought about by the Nationalist Istiqlal party and Mehdi Ben Barka head of the left-wing National Union of Popular Forces. Mohamed V Sultan of Morocco returned from exile with his family. 1957 Mohamed V takes the title of King and his son Hassan II is proclaimed Crown Prince. 1961 Hassan becomes king after his father's death. 1963 Morocco attempts to claim the Tindouf the western most part of Algeria. 1969 Morocco seizes Ifni two thirds of Spanish Sahara. Between 1961 until 1999 political unrest and heavy-handed government response was common. Dissidents were arrested, executed or disappeared. Newspapers were closed. 1963 Ben Barka was exiled. 1964 in Algiers he meets with Che Guevara, Amilcar Lopes Cabral and Malcolm X. 1969 Casablanca becomes a major US Navy Intelligence port and a permanent land base for "US Radio Intelligence" throughout that part of the world. Hassan II conducts secret agreements with radical Islamic clerics, given them free movement in the southern part of Morocco.

1945 The French arrest the Algerian nationalist leader Messali Hadji. 1954 the National Liberation Front launches attacks throughout Algeria starting the war of independence. July 1 1962 Algeria is declared independent and Ahmed Ben Bella is elected president in 1963. 1965 the military topples the government. 1976 a new constitution is promulgated. Houari Boumedienne is elected president. After violent riots in 1989 a new constitution is adopted allowing mutable political parties and removing the armed forces control of the government.

1947 Italy relinquishes all claims to Libya. 1951 Libya declares its independence Idris is declared King. 1959 significant oil reserves are discovered. A small group of military officers led by Muammar Abu Minyar al-Qadhafi stage a coup d'état against the King. The Revolutionary Command Council heads the new government abolishing the monarchy and proclaiming the new Libyan Arab Republic. 1970 the United States Air Force evacuates Wheelus Air Base and leaves Libya. March 1986 US military carry out air and sea attacks. April 15 1986 nineteen US airplanes bomb the home of Al-Qadhafi and other Libyan leaders.

1947 British Troops withdraw from Egypt to the Suez Canal

area. 1948 Egypt goes to war with Israel. July 1952 the military overthrows King Farouk. June 1953 is declared a republic. 1956 Nasser nationalizes the privately owned Suez Canal Company. October 1956 France, Britain and Israel invade Egypt. 1958 Egypt joins with Syria to form the state United Arab Republic. 1961 Syria succeeds from the Republic. 1971 Anwar el-Sadat is elected president. 1973 Sadat launches the Yom Kippur War with Israel. 1975 the Sinai Disengagement Agreements are signed. November 1977 Sadat visits Jerusalem. September 1978 the Camp David Accords are signed by Egypt and Israel. March 1979 signing of the Egypt-Israel peace treaty. October 1981 President Sadat is assassinated by Islamic extremists.

March 1938 Discovery of oil in Saudi Arabia. 1953 King Abdul Aziz dies his eldest son Saud bin Abdul Aziz takes the throne. 1964 Faisal ibn Abdul Aziz Al Saud becomes king. June 1967 Saudi forces participate in the six day Arab-Israeli war. 1968/69 ARAMCO Bechtel, Trans World Airlines, Ford Foundation, and U.S. Army Corps of Engineers modernize the infrastructures of the Saudi government. 1971 OPEC moderates oil prices. 1973 Arab-Israeli Yom Kippur war, Saudi Arabia participates in the Arab oil boycott of the United States. Prices of oil rise substantially, Saudi Arabia's wealth and political influence increase substantially. 1975 King Faisal is assassinated Khalid is named King and Fahd is named Crown Prince. 1982 Khalid becomes king. November 20, 1979 the grand Mosque is Seized by armed Islamic fundamentalist, dissidents of the Al-Masjid al-Haram. 1983 Saudi-Iraqi neutral zone is established and finalized. 1990 King Fahd allows American and Coalition soldiers to be stationed in Saudi Arabia. 1991 The Persian Gulf War begins. 1995 militants orchestrate attacks inside Saudi Arabia. June 25, 1996 a truck bomb kills nineteen American servicemen at the the Khobar Towers in Al Khobar. 2001 It has become known that 15 of the 19 suspected 9/11 hijackers are Saudi.

1938 discovery of oil in Kuwait. 1941 British take control over Kuwait and Iraq 1961 Kuwait becomes fully independent. 1969 Kuwait and Saudi Arabia sing an agreement dividing a Neutral Zone Both countries share the zone's petroleum reserves. August 1990 Kuwait is invaded and annexed by Iraq. February 23, 1991 US-led coalition begins a ground assault completely removing Iraqi forces from Kuwait in four days.

1948 Iraq along with other members of the Arab League enters into the Arab Israeli War. July 1958 the monarchy is overthrown a new government proclaims Iraq to be a republic. February 1963 the Ba'ath Party takes power under the leadership of General Ahamed Hasan al-Bakr and Abdul Salam Arif. November 1963 the Ba'ath party falls. July 1968 the Ba'ath party retakes power. July 1979 Saddam Hussein takes the offices of President and Chairman of the Revolutionary Command Council. 1980-1988 the Iran-Iraq War. December 20, 1983 special envoy Donald Rumsfeld meets with Saddam Hussein. August 1990 Iraq invades Kuwait. January 1991 Iraq is expelled from Kuwait. October 1998 Iraq Liberation Act declaring that it is American policy to support regime change in Iraq. The bill is passes 360 to 38 in House of Representatives and unanimously in the Senate. October 31, 1998 President Bill Clinton signs the bill into law. November 1998 U.N. weapons inspectors are withdrawn from Iraq. December 16, 1998 Operation Desert Fox commences an intense four-day bombing of Iraqi.

1942 Iran's oil fields and railroads are taken over by United States Britain and the USSR securing a supply corridor signing an agreement to respect Iran's independence and to withdraw troops within six months of the war's end. 1945 the USSR refuses to announce a timetable to leave Iran. May 1946 the USSR withdraws its troops. 1949 an assassination attempt on the Shah. 1951 Iran nationalizes the British-owned oil industry. The Shah leaves Iran in exile. August 1953 United States stages a coup against the Prime Minister Operation Ajax. The Shah returns to Iran. 1979 the Shah is overthrown by Islamic revolution returning the nation to Islamic traditions. November 4, 1979 students seize the U.S embassy in Tehran holding 52 embassy employees hostage for four hundred and forty four days. September 1980 Iraq invades Iran with encouragement from the United States. January 20, 1981 hostages are released. August 1988 the war with Iraq ends.

December 24, 1979 the Soviet Union invades Afghanistan. Osama bin Laden joins Abdullah Azzam to fight the soviet invasion. 1981 with support from the United States, Saudi Arabia and other Muslim nations Islamist Mujahedeen put up fierce resistance. 1984 Bin Laden and Azzam establish Maktab al-Khadamat, funneling money, arms and Muslim

fighters from around the Arabic world. February 1989 USSR final troop withdrawal. 1992 Afghan government falls to the Mujahedeen. 1996 the Taliban capture the capital Kabul. They are supported and reorganized by Saudi Arabia, Pakistan and the United Arab Emirates. October 7, 2001 U.S. military Operation Enduring Freedom is launched in Afghanistan.

1947 The Dominion of Pakistan is partitioned by British India into a sovereign dominion to be a homeland for the Muslims of India. 1956 the Dominion becomes the Islamic Republic of Pakistan. 1956 The People's Republic of Bangladesh becomes an independent state. 1998 Pakistan becomes a nuclear state.

1956 Tunisia gains full independence from France. 1964 Tunisia entered a short lived Socialist era. 1970 Socialist operations are returned to private hands. Oil is discovered. 1983 IMF forces the government to raise prices on bread causing protests and riots. Security forces repress civil disturbances by radical Islamists. 1988 Radical Islamists are released from prison.

1958 Che Guevara takes Santa Clara Cuba, the final decisive battle of the revolution. 1964 Che meets with Ben Barka, Amilcar Lopes Cabral and Malcom X in Algiers.

September 2, 1945 Ho Chi Minh declares Vietnam independent. October 1945 British forces land in southern Vietnam disarming the Japanese. Jun 1946 all British troops are out of Vietnam. French troops try to re-establish French rule in the north. 1947 full scale war breaks out between Viet Minh in the north and France. 1954 the Geneva Conference ends French presence in Vietnam and partitions the country into two states at the 17th parallel. October 1955 The Republic of Vietnam is proclaimed in Saigon. The US begins to provide military and economic aid sending advisors to assist the new government. 1960 the National Liberation Front is formed. Troops and supplies are sent South from the North on the Ho Chi Min Trail. 1965 United States sends troops to South Vietnam and starts to bomb North Vietnam. 1967 South Vietnam conducts a National Assembly. January 31, 1968 the Viet Cong launch a wave of attacks in South Vietnam known as the Tet Offensive. 1969 Ho Chi Minch dies. May 4, 1970 four student demonstrators are killed at Kent State University. January 27 1973 Paris

Peace Accords are signed. April 29 1975 largest helicopter evacuation in history, 7000 Americans and South Vietnamese are rescued from the U.S. Embassy in Saigon April 30, 1975 Saigon falls.

September 11, 2001 Tuesday 8:45am American Airlines Flight 11 crashes into the north World Trade Center tower one.

Child of the Sixties

My story begins on early January nineteen-fifty in San Francisco, with my birth. my name: Richard Matthew Sweeny, Red, Rubio, Rick, Richie, I prefer 'Red' the most. The Story ends with the death of my twin children on September eleventh two-thousand-one, at the top floor of the north tower World Trade Center New York city.

My father's father sold farm equipment in the Central Valley of California. Grandpa had a small farm just south of Oroville. Ester his second wife ran the farm, grandpa was away most the time up and down the valley selling John Deer tractors. I spent my summers on that farm sometimes traveling with gramps but mostly on the farm spending warm days reading my favorite book find or swimming in Lake Orville. Just about every evening Ester dressed and cooked a farm chicken or a quail I shot, prepared home-grown veggies and we finished most meals with her homemade pie topped with ice-cream. This was the best time of my life.

My mother's father sold bootleg whisky and bathtub gin in San Francisco, ran brothels, was a bookie, fixed horse races and was murdered long before I was born. Grandmother ran a respectable boardinghouse; she also ran the brothels grandfather left behind. Mother and I lived in the boardinghouse when father went off to fight in Korea in 1950. That was the year of my birth. January Fifth, nineteen fifty at Letterman General Hospital Latitude 37 degrees 48 minutes 1.47 seconds Longitude -122 degrees 27 minutes 9.60 seconds. It was not long after that grandmother died and mother, on her own, purchased our family home in the suburbs of San Francisco.

Both of my parents were children of the depression era, hardworking and thrifty. I remember my mother and Aunt Margaret before going shopping sitting at the kitchen table gathering up all the coupons, they had saved up going through them, setting aside what they needed for that day's shopping trip putting the rest away and joyously heading off to the grocery store. After their return sitting back at the same table, pulling out the long shop receipt and with pencils in hand checking the prices of each item they purchased. Then with the same joy they left, off they go again with the receipt and a small bag of returns to point out to the grocer where they were overcharged.

In the early 40's uncle George met and became good friends with my father in Army boot camp. Uncle George lived next door to my

mother and her sister Margaret. George and Margaret were childhood sweethearts and George introduced my father to my mother. My father once told me "It was love at first sight".

Both Uncle George and my father never talked much about World War Two I do know they were together in the Japanese conflict. They did a lot of island-hopping. George was through with the army when they got back. My father staid in the Army spent time in occupied Germany then went to Korea. I would go into the basement and look through his military trunks. I found his medals in a small box at the bottom of one of his trunks. I asked him what they were given to him for, he made a deep sigh said "O not much" I asked if I could have them, he nodded yes and smiled. One day I put on his uniform, it was way too big, I ran and showed him what I looked like. At first glance he tightened up his face, for an instant, went stern, then in another instant his body relaxed, head tilted to the right just a little, his face softened and smiled "my little soldier" I ran to his open arms, and he lifted me off the ground spinning me around. My father did not talk much; when he did, he meant what he said. He had little time for gossip or small talk. He worked every day.

It was the beginning of my freshman year of high school. I was accepted into a prestigious prep school. My parents scrimped and scraped to pull the tuition together and I managed winning a small scholarship.

On Sunday morning, as usual, we were all at St Roberts Church, my mother and father my two sisters, Aunt Margret Uncle George and my two cousins. Dad was at the communion rail when he turned ghost white passed-out and slumped to the marble floor, all of us ran to him.

After his funeral I took those old medals out of my dresser, placed them on my nightstand and cried myself to sleep.

August 1963

High school was a good place for me. I was an avid reader, I loved science history philosophy and religion. The school gave me a challenge. It was a place to immerse in myself in something.

My best friend in High School was Rameses. We called him "Rameses" because he imagined himself the reincarnation of King Tut. Rameses drove a 1949 Studebaker Hawk. It was a mammoth and loud car. Eight of us could travel in it comfortably. He was a dope dealer, introducing everyone at school to LSD, pot, shrooms, and all the other hallucinogens. He was also a genius with the highest IQ the school ever had, and they had some impressive IQ'ers over the previous seventy years. The gang of us would ride in that car tripping on purple haze. From San Mateo we road to Half Moon Bay or down Skyline Boulevard to Huddart Park. On the beach or among the trees we would sit all night or all or both, tripping, talking about God, ancient history, the Kennedy boys, Martin Luther King, Malcolm X and Vietnam. Near the end of our trips, we would play guitars around a blazing campfire. A month before graduation Rameses's car went over Devil's Slide. Everyone said it was an accident. I knew better. Guys like Rameses have little use for school. It is easy, boring and presents no challenge at all. He always drove that car like a maniac. Once he told me "It will be better in my next incarnation. There won't be a war". I looked at him and said, "There is always a war, for us, it will be collage, Vietnam, or Canada.".

School introduced me to the classics, literature art music theater and the dead sea scrolls. Rameses introduced me to Jerzy Grotowski, Ken Kesey, Jack Kerouac, William Burroughs, the Merry Pranksters, Monty Python the Fireside Theater, City Lights Book Store and Rock & Roll. By the time graduation came I had a very well-rounded education.

A few days after graduation driving on the Skyline 'Beautiful Day' playing on the eight-track, thinking of my father and my decision to go into the Navy, to be a medic, thinking about mother crying over my decision, all the talk about Vietnam, the talk about collage, "collage will always be there" I told her. I had no desire in me to continue my socialistic education. So much in me wanted to understand the last four years. I wanted to understand what was happening in the world. I wanted to make a difference. If I stay, I will learn very little maybe protest the war maybe die trying to end it. If I go, I will be in the front seeing it closeup, personal, making a difference and learning how to end it. If I go, I will know my father better, understand and love him more.

September 1967

A bus load of wide-eyed boys went down to San Diego, ending up at the Navy Boot Camp, 3:30am hustled into a barracks and into bunks like cattle. At 5:30am we awoke to the screaming voices of four petty officers that hustled all of us out of the barracks to a building ten steps away, where we were given boots, underwear, an assorted variety of uniforms, an assortment of head coverings and a duffel bag to put them all in. We were rushed out of that building and told to find a place on a white spot painted on an asphalt ground. Three of the four petty officers stood in front of us while the other passed back and forth welcoming us in the United States Navy; finishing up by telling us we were all maggots. Then the three petty officers standing in front of the three ranks had us run to our assigned barracks and showed us maggots what we could wear for the day. After getting dressed they ran us to get haircuts, ran us to get a five-minute meal, ran us to get shots and finally ran us in a building to watch a movie made in 1950 about boot camp life, where most of us slept for that hour. The rest of the day was spent running around in brand new un-washed blue work uniforms, getting lectures, getting more shots, and getting examined in all manner of ways. Boot camp can be hard on some. I was in good physical condition, could handle the hazing, marched around as well as everyone else. I was liked by the other recruits and the petty officers. I was an excellent swimmer the best at the rifle range, thanks to grandpa and his shooting lessons, scored high on all the academic tests. Most importantly I could fold my clothing and make my bed exactly as they wanted me to. There was not much else they expected of me.

Finishing bootcamp I was sent to Naval Hospital Corps School at Great Lakes Illinois consisting mostly of classroom and lab work, no more difficult than high school. It was not the NHC school that challenged me. It was Lieutenant Thomas Sinclair Navy Seal Advisor. Five of us were ordered to meet with Lieutenant Sinclair in a small classroom. "Gentlemen" he started "I have asked you here not because you got the best scores in boot-camp, not because you got the highest grades on your HM tests but because I know there was no challenge for you. It has been a walk in the park for you. You have yet to be challenged here in the Navy. Maybe you have never been challenged in your

life. I think you deserve better out of life. I think you deserve better from the United States Navy. I am here to offer you that challenge, an opportunity to be of service to something greater than yourselves. I am here to offer you a different way of life, a life that pushes you to find your limits and go beyond them." He handed each of us a folder with twenty or so pages of information on Navy Seal training and Seal medics. "Read over this information, think about what you want from life and the Navy, think about what kind of men you want to be, what principles you want to live by." With his dark blue eyes, he looked us over, pausing at each of us. I was struck by the calm on his face, the intensity in his eyes. I saw in him the same thing I saw in my father. This man knew war, has survived war, and has come back a better man. I wanted what he had. "Those of you that show up here tomorrow will be offered unmatched challenges and satisfaction." I left that room with my mind already made up. Back in my barracks I read over the literature and did not sleep that night. Two of us showed up at that room. "Gentlemen welcome back. Here are your orders to report for Navy Seal training Coronado Island California."

Twenty-five boys were bussed into a beach side compound marched into a Quonset hut and we took our seats. At the podium was Lieutenant Sinclair, "Welcome gentlemen to your induction into Navy Seal Training. The only easy day was yesterday." Then he left the building, and my new life began.

Nine months later I had finished the hardest physical and mental endurance challenge I had ever faced. Within me there was a satisfaction and a sense of freedom I had longed for.

After receiving my new classification three of us were flown to Ft. Sam Huston Texas to attend the Army "Goat Lab" This was not NHC school. This was actual work on live animals with combat wounds, disgusting and if not cruel. It was training that we could not learn in hospitals and on human subjects. It is what we needed to know. It was the first hint that this new way of life had drawbacks and real consequences.

Boot camp, Navy Hospital Corps School, Navy Seal Training, Ft. Sam Houston TX. U.S Army "Goat Lab", 18 Delta Medic training, eleven months in all. I got my operation orders.

Eight UDT Seals five Beach Jumpers and three spooks flew out of San Diego and island hopped to the Philippines. Subic Bay was hot and muggy. The layover was four days, just enough time to get a real taste of Alongapo City. A Beach Jumper Chief Petty-Officer decided to give us the "big tour" of town before the short flight to Vietnam. "That's Shit River, throw in a few coins and watch the Plip babies dive in." We all threw a few coins into an open sewage pit and ten to twenty children dove in to retrieve the shiny treasure while dodging floating feces. Beyond the river was a wide-open street consisting of mostly bars and an occasional restaurant. In front of each bar was four to six young girls, smiling and calling the American boys at times taunting them, daring them to come in. The Beach Jumpers took us to "their Bar" the bar they had demolished numerous times with fights, rowdiness, and drunkenness to a point that the cost to repair far exceeded the value of the place. "We own it now" said Petty Officer Duncan our guide leader.

Chief Petty-Officer Duncan was a seasoned veteran from WW2 and living in the Philippines for over fifteen years, had a Philippine wife and children. He also had a wife and children in the states. "Back in the real war Beach Jumpers had a ninety nine percent casualty rate; there were no god dam Seals, you all a bunch of pussies." He proceeded to get us drunk and paid for our whores. Back and forth for four days from the barracks, across Shit River to the bar and into the arms of our new girlfriend Hookers. Then we stumbled back to our beds, sleeping without dreaming.

Duncan handed each of us a bottle of pills as we stood hung over waiting for the plane that would take us to Vietnam. "You boys are going to need these black beauties. Those gooks are all jacked up on who knows what." Duncan was still a little drunk from our last night's activities. "I love you boys, you all better fucking come back in one piece". He turned away not looking back and headed to the other side of the field to greet the next batch of boys from the states.

I heard that Duncan was finally forced to retire and within a few months of getting back to the states he blew his brains out with his side arm.

The sixteen of us stayed quiet on our flight not saying anything, just listening to the hum of propellers. Only two of us would get out of Vietnam alive.

April 1971

I understand now why soldiers do not speak much of their war experience. I first learned about WW-two from the movies. One particular, released in nineteen forty-six called "The Best Years of Our Lives" made a deep impression on a twelve-year-old child. The film was fifteen years old when I first saw it. Not a combat movie but a return home veteran's movie. In that movie I saw my father, my uncles and many of the men in my neighborhood. 1960 that was also the year the Vietnam War began for America. I did not know it then, but I was to learn exactly what my father felt and what most all the men that I admired in my childhood felt witnessing the death of their fellow soldiers and surviving, killing other human beings and having to live in a world that could not understand, a world where only in their dreams could they tell their stories and their only comfort was found in the arms of the women they loved.

By nineteen seventy-one the war in Vietnam for me was over. I went home and saw my "old friends". Gone such a short time and now they were "old friends". I hated it, I hated them, I hated home. I no longer new them they no longer knew me. Four years away, three of those years in that stinking jungle and everything was different. Three years making nice with the gooks during the day and killing them at night. Three years fucking whores met in dark sweaty bars with creaking floors sticky walls and everything smelling like old tobacco and Jade East colonel.

My "old friends"

. . Now, sitting in a theater watching "Catch-22" a completely different take on World War two. A completely different me, my father's silence about war his screams in the night his malaria riddled body all made perfect sense to me. The insanity of war the catch 22... Orr the bomber pilot was crazy to fly missions but if he asked not to fly missions, he was no longer crazy and would have to fly missions ... I was now my father, my meddles and uniforms all packed up in a trunk in the crawl space of the family home. But I was not going to live my father's life. My

war like my father's was insane, unlike my father's mine had no justice no rhyme or reason it was a lost war.

I hitchhiked to New York via the Southern route I-40 east, first visiting my older Sister in LA for a night. We did not say much, we never did, she saw it all in eyes. "You're looking more like dad every time I see you" where the words running through my head as a 1968 Cadillac Coupe Deville convertible stopped to pick me up on the ramp heading east. "I'm heading to Texas hop in". Tossing myself and my duffle bag in the back seat, I looked over my traveling companions. The driver was a weathered cowhand with a cowboy's weathered hat. It was hard to tell his age, but he looked old. Next to him was a young couple of hippies. They didn't look older than seventeen. Her face wide and open and eyes of experience much greater than her age, his face was like a baby's but bold, brave with smiling eyes. In the back with me was a dark young brooding man with his guitar, straight out of Haight Ashbury maybe fleeing the influx of meth and crank. His eyes were covered with dark sunglasses, but I could see the subtle tracks on his veins and the slight shaking of withdrawal. And me the enigma, guarded, still with my duffel bag its tattered edges and a few patches indicating some kind of experience but not revealing anything within. My eyes uncovered still as unrevealing as a junkie's sunglasses.

Off we road flying on a black asphalt strip ripping across the countryside in a monster of a car with the warm wind silently wrapping around us like an invisible blanket of serenity. Nobody talked, nobody told their story but in the cathartic air around us we knew each other as we traveled together, knew each other better than words could ever do.

The two hippies got off at Grants New Mexico heading to a commune they read about in 'Rolling Stones' we all waved goodbye and headed away from day's end into the night. A little after gassing up in Albuquerque Chief, our driver liked to be called Chief, pulled off the road down a dusty trail. "Were staying with family tonight" neither I nor my dark companion commented. What seemed like forty-five minutes some lights appeared up ahead along with a blazing bonfire. Chief pulled into a makeshift parking of cars got out and met with an approaching figure. After a short heated almost argument conversation between Chief and the figure he signaled for us to come on down. My dark friend and I got out of the car approved the stranger

and Chief speaking his native tongue introduced us. This figure of a tall aged very striking man looked deep into our eyes staring at each other for a time then smiled. In a perfect LA valley accent and a big grin "okay boys come on into the big tipi" It was a night of songs rhythm praying and sacramental taking of peyote ending in a huge breakfast in the morning. After breakfast the old man who greeted us came up to me and in that same LA tone of voice "Lone soldier your war is not over yet, it may not be over for a long time. Pick your battles carefully, be vigilant and strong but keep a kind heart. The great spirit is with you". With that he hugged me, and it reminded of the last hug I got from my father. For the first time in a long time, I hugged someone back. I got in the road craft with Chief. My dark friend was going to stay with the tribe.

In silence we road down the dusty trail headed east again on I-40 and drove into Amarillo sometime after noon. "Good having you on the trip," said Chief; he let me off at the Greyhound station where I caught the buss to New Jersey. I used the rest of my time to sleep meditate and ponder my past, my future and where I was heading.

In New Jersey I got on the subway that took me to the airport, never seeing the city never looking back, and flew to Paris.

May 1971

"If you are lucky enough to have lived in Paris as a young man, then wherever you go for the rest of your life it stays with you, for Paris is a moveable feast." Ernest Hemingway

I lucked into a cheap spot to stay when perusing the bulletin board at the American Student Center.

"Vous partez en vacances doit louer mon appartement pour payer le voyage. Hippies et les étudiants invités à planter pendant un mois. 50 \$ à l'avance pour une place sur le sol. Appelez Monique 4222-5656 maintenant!!"

I asked, A ruffled indifferent American who had no desire to speak any English, especially to another American, to translate the 'STAND D'INFORMATIONS' bulletin. "Monique is renting out her flat while on vacation to anyone that comes up with fifty

dollars cash. Call her now before all the floor space is gone." I called and got my spot on the floor.

Monique A French student with vivid green eyes bleached blond hair with red streaks was heading off to the French Riviera to spend time with mommy and daddy and was renting as much space in her flat to as many hippie student or tourists that she could cram in the small one bedroom. "Fifty dollars for a month and a half then everyone has to be the fuck out of here when I get back".

Twenty-five plus bodies crammed into what would ordinarily be a spacious, for Paris, one bedroom, one bath a living room a kitchenette flat with a balcony. The balcony overlooked the Seine River and a view of the Eiffel tower, if you stretched your neck out a little.

This was where I first met and fell in love with Christine. A petite brunette sharply not so delicate frame, yet her brown wide eyes indicated something very fragile something I wanted to protect, but there was no hint of 'need' no expression in her of incapability. Her posture was strong and demanding of the truth, her demeanor was gentle and forgiving her air was refreshing her spirit alive. There are moments in a man's life when he looks across a room or a street or a dance floor and sees that someone. His heart beats faster his eyes widen all his attention goes to that someone and he is compelled towards what seems like destiny. He can ignore it or diminish it with fear or age, but it is a turning point all the same, a split in the road to some kind of desire or to denial. There is pain in that longing an uneasy churning in the gut a racing of the heart and expectation of pleasure in fulfilled. To deny it is safety comfort and loneliness. Often it is only lust sometimes something more, this time it was something more. To recognize the something more and to follow it is the challenge of all good men.

This is also where I met Jack. Jack is a tall lanky guy with dark hair and a Che Guevara mustache. He reminded me of Rameses. Brooding with integrity, intelligent charming and a chef's knife sharp wit. He would be my traveling companion through North Africa my friend my mentor my rival and adversary for most all my life.

Jack's Father was Spanish his mother French both scholars' artist and teachers who immigrated to New York before Hitler invaded France. As a child Jack learned English French Spanish,

and every other language he heard for more than a few days. He attended seminary school just out of eighth grade and spent a few years at Abbey of Gethsemani in Kentucky, left the priest hood and was now a traveling stranger like myself. Just two years older than me he seemed decades older. I instantly bonded to him and him to me.

The first evening in my new crash pad a small group of us wayfaring strangers sat around the coffee table smoking hash telling travel stories expressing philosophical and political views. I prefer to listen first and if I speak it is with few words. That old military phrase "Lose lips sink ships" had become an idiom for me and like my father I remained tight lipped in social settings.

The conversation drifted toward American Imperialism and the Viet Nam War. It was more like a group at the PTA discussing the troublesome bastard stepchild than any real discussion about a real conflict that was dividing and destroying two countries. This is where I headed to the balcony to view the Paris lights and imagine my upcoming travels. I overheard from the circle around the coffee table a voice of a young man I would get to know as Jack, telling the debaters that they were a "bunch of old know nothing hags" and if they ever "got out of there doped up selves and did something to change things they might learn something." Jack also escaped to the balcony after his schooling little speech. We looked at each other and laughed, laughed not just at the situation around the coffee table but also about the situation around the world.

The next night a group of us including Jack and Christine piled into a VW bus and from sitting on the floor looking up we saw Paris on the run. A slight rain made the lights sparkle and a slight buzz from the hash made the lights extend giving the whole journey through the streets a dream like quality.

At a stop light Christine slid the door open grabbed my hand and pulled me along with her to the damp street sliding the door shut behind her. That was the first touch the first contact. I was pleasantly surprised by her gesture, wondered if it was serendipitous or kismet. I went along regardless of the cause and regardless of the lack of information as to where I was, both geographically and emotionally. I put my faith in Christine to guide me.

That night and many other nights we danced in numerous nightclubs to numerous kinds of music, often, so close it was hard to distinguish we were two people. Sometimes bouncing and drifting around the floor from one opposite end to the other end of a hall, are eyes locked on each other's eventually meeting up in the center grasping like lovers do. Drifting Back to the flat when morning is still dark and the sun will not rise for an hour or two, quietly slip into a secluded spot on the floor or the sofa or the balcony we make love.

There were days with Jack and me wandering the streets of Paris riding the metro going to museums seeing the sights. In short order we became good friends, told each other our stories leaving little out.

The evenings were for Christine and me. We would dance make love talked little but when we did it was of passions dreams and intimacies. I knew she would be gone soon "true love lets go" she told me I thought it bullshit but would not try to hold her.

Sometimes, in afternoons, the three of us would meet for coffee and people watching in the many Pairs cafes. These were the times our friendships blossomed. Talking of are life's adventures to come and our hopes. I imagined the three of us living on that farm in California I inherited even mentioned it out loud and we laughed over the idea, but I could see in their eyes it was something as sweet to them as it was to me.

One night, a few days before Christine was to leave Paris and go to Morocco to find her brother, he was living with a small colony of Americans Canadians and Europeans experimenting with belladonna, the three of us went to the 'Theatre de Absurde'. The play was about a small group of people whose existence had no meaning or any purpose. As the play progressed their dialog broke down into gibberish and large shadowy hands came down from the catwalk and started controlling their movement and gestures. In the end they were all catatonic in a mental institution with a Nurse Ratchet type injecting them with dope. I got the gist of the play but did not get the subtle nuances due to my lack of understanding the French language and due to my apposing position on 'the lack of meaning in life'. Jack and Christine were chatting up a storm in French about the play, I was not blinded to there every growing fondness of each other and resented it. Even so, in my own kind of misery, I politely

indicated that I had some sort of errand to attend to and need to take my leave. They politely urged me to stay but I insisted smiled and went my way. The rest of that night was bitter, the air had a chill in it the lights seemed dull. I walked and walked trying to let go.

The next morning the three of us sat quietly for breakfast in the café down the street from the apartment a wedge was between us not visible but apparent none the less. Small talk came from our lips and some forced laughter. In the few days before Christine's departure, we made love twice, but it was not the same, we both knew it.

On Christine's last night in Paris just the two of us went out. Paris was a dream of light in a cloud of hash. An evening's drive through the city, to a restaurant, to bars and another avant-garde play. A performance, an unrecognizable version of 'Man is Man' or 'Drums in the Night', I could not tell which Brecht play it was maybe it was both. Christine translates the French to English whispering in my ear. I did not care what she was saying instead loving that soft warm breath. After the play we went cabaret hopping ending up at one very trashy Euro-opera. It was also very sexy we were also very high very alive very hot. Back at the apartment, filled with crash pad hippies in every room, we pushed a warm body off the sofa fell on each other and mad love. "Gezzzz Shut the Fuck up" someone yelled. A young girl said something in German and, like the chorus in a Greek comedy, eight or so people broke into laughter on queue. Christine and I smiled at each other holding onto what we had found that first day.

Jack stayed at the flat when I took Christine to the train, as she was boarding, she told me to find her, that she loved me that she was sorry and wished she had never... I put a finger to her lips and said I loved her too and would always find her. We kissed for what seemed like the first time and I knew it was something real. In a steamy hot mist and a roar of a giant industrial beast she was gone, heading off to a little piece of paradise with the belladonna freaks. I would find her again in Essaouira, the place I would take up residence.

A week later Jack and I headed to the south of Spain passing through Barcelona Valencia Gibraltar Algeciras and crossed the Strait to Tangier. The Ferry from Algeciras to Tangier is a smooth ride and takes about 40 minutes.

June 1971

It was mid-June when we stepped off the ferry.

In early August there would be the first assassination attempt on the life of King Hassan the second of Morocco, and America would begin to send in its 'invisible army' to protect America's interests. You may ask what is this invisible army? Simply said it is military intelligence, Special Forces, CIA, and other military personal that are kept off the Pentagon and congressional books, and often flown in waring civilian attire. You may also ask "what are our interests?" I have no answer for that. But this part of the story, and its ramifications comes later.

Looking up from the Tangier harbor to the city was exhilarating. Jack insisted we stop at the first café and have one of those sweet mint tea drinks. I grew very fond of them. "Tanger is an ancient Phoenician city a maritime trading culture. Legend has it that the city was founded by Sufax the son of Hercules around 500 BC." Jack always had such historical tidbits. "Tangiers is synonymous with such literary greats as Paul Bowles, Cecil Beaton, William Burroughs, Joe Orton, Jack Kerouac, Truman Capote, Allen Ginsberg, Tennessee Williams, Brion Gysin and more. They all arrived here searching for freedom and a way of life impossible to find in Europe or the States." Jack said. I did not say it out loud but thought that these names and many names unknown had come here to searching for cheap thrills, drugs and whatever to medicate their pain and memories and some to die a slow death forgotten and alone. I wondered where I stood in that crowd. Jack being the linguist went off to find us our first digs in the kasbah of Tangier, leaving me with my tea and my thoughts, thoughts, and memories before Vietnam when I was an eighteen-year-old child. She was sixteen dark with wide eyes, and she let me love her, she wanted me to love her, two children finding a place in the new neighborhood construction zone, on the floor of a half built house, to make love. Not my mother or her father could stop us. We, two children who found passion in suburbia. I lost her in Vietnam when I killed for the first time. The letter I never sent read "Dear Stephanie I am lost; I have lost everything. I have killed children; I have killed myself. I will not let this dead thing touch you. Goodbye." I am now looking for redemption and for love. Far way in Café Baba sitting at a small round table with wet eyes gazing

at my mint tea in a colorful glass tumbler, thinking maybe I am finding it here.

Jack found us an inexpensive clean apartment in the vintage hotel Palacio Del Sultan I was not surprised knowing he was good at that kind of stuff being as fastidious and particular to details as he was. We set up quarters each to our own room with an adjoining living room and a balcony overlooking the city. It was more then charming it was delightful in every way.

I must tell you about the two Germans. In our hotel in a room off the lobby lived Hans and Gustav. "The two must meet party guys in all of Tangier." according to the desk clerk/bellhop/tourist guide Aaban Abadi. Jack met the two boys from Germany first; I met them later over a meal at the hotel's restaurant consisting of Lhzina Hrira Kefta and Tajine, finishing the evening off with an abundant amount of hashish smoking and robust conversation in the boys' room.

The next morning, we met the boys for breakfast and some tourist taking. "William S. Burroughs stayed at our hotel" said Hans, pointing to a room on the second floor two doors down from ours. "He wrote 'Naked Lunch' here." Jack knew these obscure facts and it was part of his reason for picking this hotel and getting the room as close as possible to Burroughs creative bungalow. Hans leans in towards me, "Morocco is the Interzone" and sits back looking at Gustav "we like you American boys, we show you the ropes, yes?" not sure what the "ropes" were but I gestured in agreement.

After breakfast and a few bowls of hash we left for the wall overlooking the Atlantic Ocean. There we met four seasoned tourists. We all walked through the markets, down to the Cave of Hercules just south of the city then we all walked back to the hotel. Waiting for Hans and Gustav, on the mezzanine where eight more globetrotters, anxious to pick up their supplies. Yes, the two Germans they were drug dealers and did business all over the "Happening Places" everywhere drugs and tourists were, Tangier Marrakech Casablanca Essaouira Fes. Now I knew what they meant by "showing us the ropes" This was the beginning of a long sometimes stormy friendship. First, we sold their dope, in time Jack and I supplied them with all the dope they peddled around Morocco. In time we arranged large transports of hash to Paris,

in time, it broke Jack and I apart and on our separate paths. But let's not get ahead of the story.

Though Hans and Gustav had a lucrative drug business they were also heroin addicts, their parents sent them off to North Africa so they would not be an embarrassment to them. During an evening of abundant hash smoking Hans told me the story. When he was 18 he had found out his father was a Judge during the Nazi regime. His father had sent Jews, imbeciles and homosexuals to concentration camps. Hans started using heroin soon after he found out about his father. Hans and Gustav were lovers since age thirteen and they did everything together even die. Hans gave Gustav a kiss "Papa would freak when he saw us kiss." They both laughed "fuck the Jew killer."

Dope and Making Money

Jack did the talking I did the deal making. Jack had no interest in dealing dope, but he liked the money and money ran low soon after reaching Morocco. The two of us pooled what cash we had and purchased an old beat up but decent running Morris Major. We drove to Tleta-Ketama in the Rif Mountains and then up a secluded dirt road for a few miles to Hans and Gustav's hashish farm connection. As usual Jack did all the talking and I used my triage skills to bandage up some bumps and bruises on some kids reset a broken bone of an old man's hand and look over some livestock. Jack's language skills my medical skills seemed to ender us with the local farmers.

The Rif Mountains are dotted with centuries old farms with ancient rights to farm and make their local product hashish. What they can't do is transport it, they leave that to the tourists who get busted and have mommy and daddy send large sums of money to bail them out. The pros, small-time dealers like Hans and Gustav who bribe the local police for safe passage, and big time Euro dealers who buy large shipments and pay large sums of money to smooth its way into France, those dealers make it work.

It was not long before all the farms in the area used our services Jack to translate fine details of negotiation me to patch up stitch up and on occasion remove a bullet or other emergency procedures. I was also good at spotting narks, con-artists, and crooks. But my reputation was made during a rare

firefight by pulling the old man Mohammed Dada out of arms way and shooting three bandits sent to kill him. Later I patched those three guys up but never knew what was done with them I suspect they were killed. Mohammed Dada drove a hi-end Mercedes; occasionally visited a few of the farms Jack and I worked on all the locals kissed his hand some greeted him with hugs all respected him many feared him. He paid little attention to foreigners. He went about his business with an air of dignity, firmness but with a fatherly kindness in his touch and his eyes. After the 'incident' he thanked me with a few words in almost perfect English and was spirited away by some of his traveling companions. I would see Mohammed Dada again. He would have a dramatic effect on my careered as an 'import export' agent/adviser aka smuggler.

Jack was getting antsy hanging around the farm. I had made more than several drug runs to Ouida Fes Rabat Casablanca Marrakesh Essaouira, where I searched for Christine unsuccessfully. Then to Agadir and Guelmim where I dropped off ten kilos of hash and picked up twenty Kalashnikov AK-47s. Timbuktu was where the rifles came from, and the hash was going to. This was Mohammed Dada's deal, and I was now working for him.

In the 19th Century Guelmim was the final Western Sahara destination for the camel caravan out of Timbuktu. Once the many camel caravans traded in salt and slaves now the few caravans trad in drugs and guns.

I was to meet up with Mohammed Dada at the olive festival in Ketama up north "my ear is turned to the west, and I want you Richard an American soldier with me" he said. Most all the families, many ancient, involved in trade where to be represented at the festival, western interests where there too, so was the king's family. The king himself was to make a visit, a show of force so close from his attempted assassination. This will be a sign of his invincibility and He is going to alien with the slave traders. What did you think, an industry over hundreds of years old would just disappear when slavery was banned? Did you think this was just a white man's industry?

After the olive festival I went back to the farm and Jack. It was time to leave and head south. We had a great sendoff lots of good food a roasted on the spit goat couscous salad and more. We took our last order of Hashish to Hans and Gustav. Those boys looked wrecked; the heroin was taking its toll. They would be

dead in two months, found hanged in their room at the hotel Palacio Del Sultan.

Let's talk Jack.

Jack's mother and father along with their many other accomplishments were "modernist" artists, she a sculptress he a painter both represented in the Pairs Salons. In 1932 their careers where ready to take off. The new German Empire to last a thousand years had another idea. "Modern Art" did not pass inspection, its supporters were to be given the fate of the Jews.

Jack Humanness was born in Casablanca when his parents, in nineteen-forty, fled Paris to Casablanca Morocco and then to America in 1940. Jack was sent to a Jesuit seminary for study, and he took a liking to it. His skills in the written word, his understanding of ancient languages everyone thought he was on the rode the Vatican. Instead' on his own, he went to the Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemani. There Jack completed his vows and was ordained a priest. Eventually he had some difficulty with the celibacy thing and left the priesthood.

Jack could read or hear a new language, and in a few days, he understood it, in a few more days he could speak it. He never forgot anything he read or saw.

Jack had a compulsion like addiction in Moroccan herbal medicines and folklore, he perused legends, recipes and potions utilizing belladonna, "A little touch of the death?" he would say, "I can just see the edge of God when I am almost dead". One time, taking a potion, Jacks heart stopped. It was a lucky thing I was there to get his hart started again. "If it was not for you, the fucking medic, I would be with God now!", he said half-jokingly half-not.

Like most everyone traveling through North Africa Jack was on a quest. With all his intellect with all his heart he believed in the second coming of Christ he believed it was somewhere in this place this time and he wanted to be a part of it. It doesn't matter what I thought or believed, he was my friend, my best friend and I would do what I could to help him on his quest. We were a good fit, an educated x priest and an x special forces medic. Two mad men running all over North Africa. One looking for the second coming of Christ, the other looking for the next

business deal. I told him "Jack, God put, this medic in your life just so you could suffer longer and be miserable." half-jokingly half-not.

We left Tangier early in the morning just as the sun rose. The Morris Major, that we apply dubbed 'Betty', temperamental but reliable, was in tip top condition and humming like a dream. We drove along the cost to Casablanca to deliver an attaché case to an "American Businessman" as Mohammed put it. And make a quick stop in Hotel El Araich so Jack could drop off some hash to a group of hippies. Jack loved those tourist hippies he also loved there LSD. I could always tell when Jack was tripping, he would sport his John Lennon sunglasses.

We pulled into Casablanca mid-day, The air was fresh clean and a little brisk reminding me of the atmosphere in San Francisco. Driving to the tourist part of town, something was different, what should have been bustling with large numbers of foreign travelers this time of year was relatively quiet. What was oddest of all was the Mimosa campground, that just a few weeks ago was bustling with tourist of all kind and Moroccan families on vacation, was now filled only with drugged out hippies, hustlers, deadbeats and, on the other side of the campground was a conspicuous group of well positioned well staged RVs manned by clean cut middle aged some in their twenties, that I perceived them to be 'the club' aka CIA aka Spooks.

When we reached our destination; the Hyatt Regency that Mr. Dada had reserved for us and organized my meeting place to hand off the attaché case. I took a cat nap in our room and Jack went to the pool.

After my rest, I met up with the 'American businessman' in the lobby bar. He too had that look, he too was a member of the 'club' I handed him the briefcase and asked him how the gang at camp Mimosa was doing, he gave me a nasty dirty look, I flipped him off and went out to the pool. "Jack this suck, something is going on" all he said was "cool, something is always going on". I sat down on the lounge chair next to him took a deep breath in and let it out as I leaned back to recline. He was right something is always going on some coup some war some action takeover. In government in business in philosophy in religion something is always going on.

'The club' as I call it, have two kinds of members. there are the 'stay at the best places, go to all the big parties, and

work out of the embassy kind. The other kind is on the road, stay away from the embassy, do the dirty work and conducts much of their business with criminals. when that group hooks up with the 'the invisible army' that is when it is time to get out of town and we did the very next day.

Casablanca to Fes, a three to four hour jaunt up the coast then inland to Meknes and then Fes. Jack though it a lovely ride, me I was going on paranoid mode.

Fes; the tightly packed city of ramparts, narrow streets, and tall buildings. a fantasy of color set on a light brown background.

At five-am Jack was asleep in the care, I was in a small café. Oum Kalthoum's haunting singing on radios, the smell and smoke of kief mixed with black tobacco filling the air. The sun rising low, moving the shadowy silhouettes of jetting edifices and scimitars the sun stretching those structures' dark fingers through the streets. The town awoke and came alive with what seemed to me to be romance but was just an ordinary day for the residents. After some coffee and mint tea, I let myself get lost in the corridors of shops and homes. Streets just wide enough to let a small wagon pass but nothing more. Abruptly the lane would move into a circle of many meeting streets, a watering fountain adorned with brightly colored ceramic tiles in the center, children gathering water in cans or skins for the day's use. Off again I would wander another ally the sound of laughing voices and scampering feet of exhilarated children all around, chasing a dog or each other playfully. Off they would round a bend, there smiles and young bright eyes not to be seen again till close of day. This was my Fes. Jack and I stayed in Fes for just two days, he, hanging out with the usual hippie crowed. Me, I met up with one of Mohammed's cousins to pick up a package of two kilos of hash for us to take to Marrakesh.

The drive was monotonous rolling sand hills with half dead shrubs scattered about and an occasional Argan tree now and then. Seeing two boys chasing down an escaped camel was a highlight of the drive. Jack and I stopped for lunch in Qued Zem with Haradee Mosadee, and his three lovely daughters, more of the many relatives of Mohamed Dada. Haraddee was looking to marry off his "three jewels" at any opportunity; it was not unusual for guest especially single men of marring age to receive the royal treatment when visiting. Jack loved the attention and with his language skills, charm and personality he

became the main course of the meal. I do believe he was fond of one of the girls Fatima, and it was confirmed by his blushing when I teased him about it on the rest of the trip to Marrakesh.

Marrakesh, at the heart of its old city is the Djemaa el Fna; entrance into the walled Medina. The city was founded almost one thousand years ago by Abu Bakr ibn Umar. My usual hotel is just off the big square, not too seedy but not one of the tourist type hotels. Many of the hotels off the square are filled with a bunch of lowlifes burnt out hippies, hustlers pimps crooked cops' traffickers in all manner of goods and human flesh. My hotel had a higher class of hippies hustlers pimps and crooks.

After checking in I went into the Medina to deliver my package of contraband. That done it was time to relax for a few days before heading to Essaouira.

An hour nap, Jack and I headed over to the Big Square medina, with Colemans of Lantern lights, rows and rows of food-stalls gave the square a warm atmosphere. Circles stretched out belonging to acrobats, snake charmers' musicians and story tellers surrounded by onlookers and tourists of all shapes and sizes. Around these circles roamed the venders with carts or baskets peddling their goods. I heard a voice "Assai cookies, I have Assai cookies" that voice belonged to Eddi, well that's what I called him. Eddi sold the best Hash butter cookies. They were made by Assai of Essaouira I will tell you about her later. These cookies were something else. Chocolaty delicious and you got off in five minutes. It was a sweet high with a slight edge of hallucination. The whirling Dervishes seemed to whip like butter the fire eaters flame reached far into the sky. Jack, after eating his cookie, sat, and listened to every storyteller mesmerized by their tales in many tongues.

It was the music that took me. Took me back to that trip to Disneyland with my father mother and sister, with the lights of the pirates of the Caribbean rid twinkling in the dark, me not knowing my father would soon be dead all was well.

The lights around the medina the sounds smells and the high gave me back that feeling, that feeling of a child's sense of safety that never lasts, like a high never lasts, like this night would never last, but for now I held on to it and was comforted in the moment.

Later that evening back in the hotel courtyard the usual action was taking place six or, so tourists were hanging out talking about the dope they had. Comparing notes as to quality and comparing each other, showing off both themselves and their drugs. There was this one guy, he looked cool and collected, offering more of his stash then most do, offering like a dealer on the make for buyers. My first mistake; I joined the crowd, tasted what everyone was sharing; let everyone talk their shit. The cool and collected guy had the best hash and the tourists were all over him for a hookup. Something was not right about this cool and collected guy. Something was off, He was offering large quantities of this killer hash. I know most all the dealers big and small in Morocco and I did not know this guy. Also, he was too clean cut, everything too new to be moving kilos. And there was something about his shoes where had I seen those shoes before. My mistake number two; I started asking him questions, "Where you from?" "How long here in Morocco?" "How do you like this that or place?" Jack was there, enjoying the hash giving me that look of "this is killer dope". The shoes, they were the same dam shoes the CIA had on in Saigon. It came to me in a flash, the look the speech the cool and collected all the same minus the sunglasses. Now for my doozy mistake number three, I outed the sucker in front of all his marks identifying him as a CIA nark. This did not make Mr. Cool happy. Jack was very surprised, not that he was a CIA nark but that I said he was. Jack knew the rule; never interfere with police the authorities, government officials, or any other official doing their job.

The tourists left the courtyard in a rush, leaving me Jack and Mr. Cool. "Well, I will leave you to buddies to hash over your war stories" Jack said as he was heading back to the room. I deep in it now, I asked "What brings you to this part of the world? Trying to round up some dope smoking hippies so you can get a medal?" "Fuck you" was his retort. "What, didn't get a chance to show off your skills in Vietnam?" I said and this pissed him off even more. He lunged for me ready to pound my face, but with a learned move I turned him around and put a knife to his neck, I always carry a knife, "temper temper cowboy."

A little side note: Shortly after the assassination attempt King Hassan lobbied to have the United States government and specifically the CIA, to help reorganize Morocco's security forces. Mr. Cool was part of that group. Part of his job was to

set up busts for the security forces in an effort to drive Americans out of Morocco before the upcoming political struggles to come. Later in hindsight what Mr. Cool, who I would get to know as Bob B, was doing was a good thing. Later over coffee in Algiers we would laugh about this incident between us. But for now, I needed to wake up Jack, Jack hated being woken up, clear out my room and get on the road to Essaouira, cutting our stay in Marrakesh short.

Funny things come of mistakes, my sense of tranquility was disrupted, my stay in lovely Marrakesh was disrupted, Jack was disrupted. But this mistake would also lead to something I could have never imagined, a lifelong connection with Bob B and the CIA.

With the sun rising behind us we drove on the desert road to Essaouira, the home city of Mr. Dada and my Southern home too, with an apartment all my own in the house of one of Mohammed Dada's wives. It was also the place Christine was camping out just south of the city with the belladonna freaks.

The road between Marrakesh and Essaouira.

This was Jack's first time to Essaouira. The distance between these two cities was about 85 miles. By car it can take about three or more hours depending on how many stops and how many goat herders are on the road, goats have the right of way. This day was slow meandering along behind two large herds of goats, and five smaller ones. A few tractors too. Once past Oudaya we picked up the pace and entered the flat plains seeing the distance ahead of us for miles with only a few hills in the distance. The cloud's shadows, visible on the ground, joining us on our journey, sometimes slower sometimes faster drifting up and down over the ripples on the earth as we drove the same landscape. The light would grow dark then light again as a cloud traveled over us. It was a dream to me, a dream I still have to this day.

When we reached Taftecht the plains were behind us. There was the faint smell of salty coast air and the ground had a reddish consistency. It was the kind of earth that supports a tuff hearty bush. There were more hills that dramatically shortened the distance we could see ahead.

At the crossroad of Ounara the heat lifted the air off the road this place accentuated a strong feeling in me, and Jack sensed it too. Someone knew we were there, as we knew someone was there. I always felt this odd feeling when passing Onara. It was an uncomfortable feeling but not an unfamiliar feeling. In Vietnam, on maneuvers, I could sense the enemy and was able to direct the team toward or away from the menacing presence, depending on our mission. In combat situations there are a few individuals have this talent or gift a kind of sense tracker and I had it. At this crossroad my sense was buzzing, on this road to Essaouira, each time I passed I could feel someone hunting, his hatred and he too could sense me. Jack did not feel the same foreboding that I did, he wanted to stop, wanted to seek out that presence, wanted to communicate with it. That was Jack always wanting to engage with everything and everyone he did not understand. His heart was always open accepting and forgiving. That was another thing I loved about him, his kind heart. But I did not stop for Jack, he would have to go back on his own and he did.

After passing Ounara the feeling lifted away. All I wanted to think and feel about was my home my Essaouira. Coming down to the coastline to my city was a wonderful sight for me. The first things I would see were the Mosque the Christian church and the Jewish temple, then the gate. First stop after the long drive was Jimmy's New York Café in the heart of town and two blocks away from my flat.

JIMMY JIMMY JIMMY DADA

Jimmy's dad owned the largest Cafe in the old medina of Essaouira, 'The New York Café'. Jimmy's dad was also my landlord my benefactor and friend, as you know. I stayed in a flat off the home of his 3rd wife Assia the mother of Jimmy and the hash cookie maker.

Jimmy turned the café in to the hottest "American" hangout around. With little to no English, he created a thriving business with the tourist hippies. He had an ability to quote most every line, phrase, or cliché from the album "Woodstock" in a perfect American dialect. Like many café motels in Morocco Jimmy embellished the main floor, and courtyard, with tables and

chairs in the middle, a bar to the left of the front door and the check-in desk to the right. Above was the inner balcony that surrounded and overlooking that main floor with more tables and chairs. These tables and chairs are often reserved. Above that is the balcony where rooms are. "For rent by the day week or month." Jimmy would say.

Jack took a room at Jimmy's Café to be, as he put it "where the action is". My table for coffee and looking was up in the inner balcony, permanently reserved, a table just enough for three, where I could look down upon the café's bar and most of the floor below. This was my morning, noon, and evening spot. I had a wonderful seat to view all the activity on the floor below.

Friday and Saturday night the place would be packed, groups of turrets bused in from Marrakech for the weekend and the beach scene. The music blasting Rock and Roll everybody stoned, everybody sipping mint tea.

Yes, I had run across Christine at Jimmy's on numerous occasions and her brother James too. I am not sure why I kept this from Jack, why I never brought him to Essaouira, maybe it was because I still saw him as a rival when it came to Christine. When I was in town, in the evenings I would see Christine seated on the other side of the balcony and she would see me, there was expectation and passion in our looking at each other, eyes finding each other. Jimmy Hendrix would sing and play, and we would dance together in or separate seats over the distance. Often it would lead to dancing in my bed.

When Jack and I arrived in Essaouira, that very first afternoon I told Jack about Christine, that she was living in Diabat just south of Essaouira, that I had been seeing her regularly here at Jimmy's, that we had been making love, that I was afraid to tell him, that I was sorry. Jack was pissed how pissed I could not tell but I had never seen him this angry with me. He stood up said "Fuck you" and walked out. We did remain friends, but that day put a rift between us that over the years only grew wider. I did not chase after him; I knew where he was going. Men are funny this way, we will share everything with each other even women, but when it comes to the woman, the one we love, we will kill each other over that. I knew Jack loved Christine, I knew Jack let her go for me, yet still I lied to my very best friend, all the times he asked me if I had seen Christine, I said no.

During the weekdays Jimmy's place was never full and the Rock music volume was set to low. The belladonna tweakers, pail as ghosts dressed in all black with black eye makeup and black lipstick would take their place at a large table on the main floor, only James from that crowd would come up stairs and sit at my table, he still had a little color on him. I often found him hard to understand on a few occasions he was poetic, but mostly he was out of it, and only half alive.

Assia told me a little about the mysteries of belladonna. There secrets were held by the elder women in a family, and it was intended to heal the worst of illnesses and to fight our causes, the worst of curses. She laughed "and to make our men tremble" with a very serious tone "Those on the south end of the bay, they are dead, and they eat their own poison."

Like Jimmy I was an early riser. Sometimes it was only he and I in the café, he working on his English using the latest album he had traded for. I would be eating reheated last night's meal with a fried egg added. Jimmy put on that 'Country Joe and the Fish' album; he knew witch song I liked best... "And its one two three what are we fighting for, no thanks I don't give a dam, next stop is Vietnam...." If he could get Country Joe's accent down, he would pass for a California Surfer, tan and all. He was getting close.

James said to me in a moment of clarity. "Man must always re-evaluate what he has been taught against that vast background of immense possibility"

Essaouira, she is my home my peaceful hangout on the coast of Morocco. I had a place that I rented for Thirty US dollars a month. The fish were plentiful, tourist to talk with. The weather was like San Diego. Big enough to get lost small enough to get to know everyone and it had a lots of beach.

People had been living here since prehistoric times, a peaceful harbor sheltered by the island of Mogador. Essaouira offered the best natural harbor on the ocean side of North Africa providing trade from Africa to the rest of the known world. The Greeks set up a trading post here in the 5th century BC. Around the first century AD the Romans where producing Tyrian a purple die harvested from local sea snail secretions. Sometime in the Middle Ages Sidi Mogdoul an Islamic teacher healer and mystic was buried just outside the gates of the city. He was a hermit living on the beach, telling ancient stories of Mohamed to all

that would listen. To this day the local's believed Sidi Mogdoul was a descendent of "the messenger of God" that he walks the streets of Essaouira during holy festivals brining prosperity, fertility and abundance. It is also said that here is Essaouira Sidi Mogdoul offers guidance to those seeking faith, hope and forgiveness. During the 15th and 16th Centuries a community of Jewish traders immigrated to Essaouira finding peace and acceptance from the Regrage Haha and Chiadma tribes of the area. Trade flourished. The city that stands today was built in the 18th century by the French engineer Theodore Cornut along with several other European architects and technicians. It was a modern fortress city "Es-Saouira the beautifully designed" and this would be one of my homes for a long time to come.

Essaouira has a Festival every year in the last week of June that lasts four days, 'The feast of Sidi Mogdoul'. That festival was a little more than a month away and the town was already beginning its preparations. This was kind of like Saint Patrick's Day in Boston; lots of celebrating lots of music but a little more spiritual. When I was living in Morocco, I never missed it.

Jack and I meet just about every day at Jimmy's. It was mostly small talk, cordial but that rift was still there. Christine would sometimes sit with us and try to mend the split between the two of us. This was not like Paris, not the closeness we three had, we had all changed. Jack spent much of his time meditating, talking to clerics, long walks in the desert. Christine was looking after her brother attempting to 'rescue' him from his determined wish to die. And I was running errands for Mr. Dada.

Mohammed thought it would be "good for business" if I became a Muslim and follower of the religion of Islam. Across from my second-floor window was the place of Hassan Dada the older brother of Mohammed. Hassan had gone to Mecca and came back a madman. Around here when you go mad it is figured you are "touched by Ala" and treated with respect; that is if you are a man. If you are a women gone mad you are bewitched, like what happened to Assia, and are subject to tortures worser then death. I liked Hassan, his eyes were wide clear and vibrant. He would put fear into groups of children but individually he talked kindly and loving to them, they would smile and giggle. He put his words in writing on his front wall, one day cursing

the King, cursing Ala, cursing everyone, the next day praising them all but always he cursed his bother Mohammed my benefactor. Faith, my faith, yes I have a faith. I have had faith for a long time. Nineteen sixty-seven; My acid trip number twenty-four, a few "old friends" with me, we met God, and God was us, and not us. God moved like a river feeding everything it torched, providing life touching everything. And we let God take us peacefully home. Nineteen sixty-eight through Vietnam to nineteen seventy-three, was that a long time or a short time? I have no idea. I lost myself and I lost God. I would sit close to Hassan and let him mumble Arabic in my ears. I had no idea what he was saying but on occasion I got a glimpse. Over time I could talk back to him in Arabic, and he understood me. In his madness I was learning to speak and hear the language of Islam. That window in my apartment, it faced east towards Mecca, the call to prayer was becoming part of my life, I learned to be still during prayer time. God was coming back into my life. Jack too was finding his God. God in Ounara; the home of Abdelkarim Khattabi; the Mullah of the mosque there, that's where Jack was finding what he had always been looking for. Jack was making regular visits to the Ounara mosque, reading, studying, and having long discussions with Abdelkarim. Jack told me "He is not a bad man, yes some of his ideas are radical but they are sound even reasonable." he told me as we sipped mint tea, with a little rum mixed in. "you know the world as I know it, cruel, heatless at times. Somebody must stand for something, and Abdelkarim does. I do not believe in everything he says, but he has a real faith a strong faith. I am done with all this Jesus second coming crap. I want to find something real and just maybe Abdelkarim can show me a way." I had a bad feeling in my gut. I told Jack to "hang in there with me", that "we were making good money", that I needed him, and that I understood "we had a falling out over Christine, but we could fix it." Jack replied, "That's not it Red I love you I love Christine and I still need something more I am going to Mecca after the festival." I figured he was going to do something like that. I wouldn't try to stop him I couldn't even if I tried.

"But there came after them an evil generation, who neglected prayers and followed sensual desires, so they will be thrown in Hell" Mullah Abdelkarim Khattabi

A week and half before the big festival I was taking my morning coffee at 'The New York Café'. Only a hand full of people there at 8am. This particular morning something new came from Jimmy's record player. Not the usual rock-en-roll, but Bach; "The Goldberg Variations". The dust stirred up from the floor by Jimmy's sweeping, it sparkled in the morning light. I sipped my coffee and fell into a wonder. I was no longer in Morocco no longer clubbing or drugging in North Africa no longer hanging with strangers with similar interest to get high. I found myself seated under a tree in a vast grassy plain. Two children playing in the distance a boy and a girl I could softly hear them laughing. I could feel how happy I was, joy touching my heart. A soft breeze swept the pollen in the air like Jimmy swept the dust. It too sparkled along with music off in a faraway place. Coming towards me was a silhouette of Christine lovelier than ever, stroking the hair of her children as she passed them and approached me.

"Glenn Gould... the Two Germans gave me the album; good yes?" Jimmy startled me interrupting my wandering. "Yes, very good" I said and was now back in the dusty bar The New York Café. Inside I cried a little.

I finished my coffee with one of Assia's special hash cookies especially prepared for me, extra strong. Jimmy had Whisky that he kept for friends, he put a glass at my table, and I drank as the dust danced and sparkled in the morning sun.

Bandits come into town once every month or so. Unlike the movies they were not on horses, rather jeeps some with interesting chrome detailing, they are armed like in the movies though.

When I first saw them, they looked like a wannabe LA gang of thugs, not an "ancient tribe administering law and order for centuries". According to Assia her family is of that tribe. Lately when I saw the bandits they were traveling with 'ghosts', CIA, disguised as locals, well, they thought they were disguised. This may sound strange to the uninitiated, but anywhere in the world where there is unrest or political intrigue the CIA is there. And if it gets really bad the invisible army, I mentioned earlier, shows up, and it was getting bad. Even Mohammed was getting shaky since the king survived an assassination attempt, He wants to move his smuggling operations to Al Awenat Libya. "Less problems in Libya, I can still keep my legitimate operations here, but it is best to move the others."

Three days before festival, Assia was showing me how to make the hash butter for her cookies, she confided in me that her husband married her by "arrangement" to lower the monthly tariffs that her family charged his family, that her son would be twelve years old very soon and move into his father's house in Al Awenat and possibly never see him again. She prayed to Ala every day for his protection, the same way my mother was praying to Jesus for me every day ever since I left home for Vietnam.

It's now one day before the start of festival. Mohammed wanted me to take some documents to Marrakesh, I had a personal stash of hash and I figured this would be a good time to get rid of it. Mohammed gave me a handgun, "you need to carry something more than that knife of yours" he said. It was that time again.

In Vietnam nineteen sixty-eight. It was rainy season everything I owned had crotch rot, except my gun, that I cleaned meticulously 3 times a day. The CIA was guiding us in to a "kill". I had my Filipino Yellow Jackets, and I was set to go. I swallowed half of my supply of those little yellow beauties, time to "rock and roll".

Now, here, it was dry. No crotch rot, no uppers no backup team, I was alone. Even Jack did not want to go with me on this trip. He was getting ready for festival.

The ride to Marrakech went fast the hotel; not my first choice my hotel was filled up, this hotel was a dump but filled with American tourists. Americans will buy a kilo of hash without any idea of what to do with it, so they just hang around Marrakech getting stoned for a month or so. Sometimes they try and smuggle it, getting busted and ending up in jail or worse. All the English-speaking people hang together; it is easy to find someone to sell some dope to. There was a group of 15 or so tourists hanging out in the room of, Bob the thin dark haired American's room. His room was across the inner balcony from mine. This time I did not get involved with his little trip. I offloaded my stash, at another hotel down the road and I delivered the papers for Mr. Dada. Back in my hotel, I smoked a little hash with Bob. Our conversation was conciliatory, pleasant even. Bob was from Anaheim California and a surfer. I told him I hailed from northern California and was a hippie. We both conveniently left out our military experience we both

talked in circles, in an attempt, to extract information from each other, neither of us got much.

Later that night I was looking over the balcony down into the foyer and Bob was sitting at a table with Ibn Tumart. That was not his real name he took that name from a ninth century Moroccan scholar and teacher and this Ibn Tumart was no scholar. Mohammed pointed him out to me in a café on one of our trips, told me to stay out of his way, "He is very bad news." Ibn Tumart, ran most of Marrakech's and Casablanca's illegal businesses. He found great pleasure in acquiring very young girls and boys for rich tourists and Embassy folks. "He calls himself Ibn Tumart" said Mohamed with a sickness on his face. "He is no son of Umar" and then spit to the ground "He is a son of a dog." The Dada family paid Ibn a large sum to conduct business in his territory. Why was Bob cozying up to this guy? Sometimes the CIA wis deal with the worst people. The next morning, I saw Bob at breakfast, he gestured for me to sit with him. Bob had those big sunglasses, the kind of glasses, years later, David Letterman would make fun of on the 'Late Show'. The talk again was small, cordial, then out of the blue Bob asked me how Mr. Dada was doing. I retorted that he was doing better than Ibn. "Bob, you are on the wrong side. That Ibn Tumart is a sleazebag, child slave runner. So, what does that make you and your team?" I got up from the table leaving before he could answer and leaving my breakfast behind.

As I road that stretch of highway from Marrakesh to Essaouira, that heavily trailered highway with centuries of travelers and traders' smugglers and bandits leading the way. I wondered if I could turn around and go back to that farm of my childhood summers. The meals of pheasant, sweet potatoes and blueberry pie. As my magic carpet car sweeping over a rolling dune, I looked in the rearview mirror hoping to see a glimpse of something California. All I saw was a small caravan of three black Mercedes racing towards me the kind used by the Moroccan security forces use. Paranoia in combat can save a life, it can also take it too. It helps to have someone a trusted someone around to support one's suspicions to get a little clarity. Alone in the car all the events that led up to today, Mohammed's warnings, the political unrest, the CIA activity, maybe my paranoia was getting the better of me I thought as I steeped on the gas. The trio of black cars gaining, I knew I would not make

it to Essaouira before they caught up to me, without thinking I made a sharp right turn at that foreboding crossroad, the one that lead to my feeling of dread and the hair on my neck standing up, the mosque was a klick ahead of me. I glanced in the rear-view mirror and the black caravan turned my way. Jack was back in Essaouira scoring some killer LSD. Christine was with her brother explaining that she was done looking after him and was heading home. Mohammed Dada was making his final business arrangements. And me I was alone in a maybe delusional paranoia experience, or it could be real, driving a car up a dirt road and turning behind a bend. To the left was a Minaret projection from behind a hill off in the distance maybe 200 yards. I made another sharp turn and plowed my baby into a sand dune with a thud and hitting my head on the steering wheel. "Shit, shit shit shit" ran through my brain, at least my car was out of sight but if they saw me if they were after me, I was a goner. I got out of the now dead car and positioned myself strategically behind another dune where I could see the mosque and the approaching Mercedes. The high-pitched buzzing of the cicada bugs rang through my ears, and I was feeling very uncomfortable with only a pistol.

A group of five Moroccan men came outside of this isolated mosque as the cars pulled up. Three, also Moroccan, men came out of each two cars and two men, American, came out of the third, one of the two being Bob. The other guy with Bob was another spook I had never seen before. Bob was still his blue jeans and leather jacket, the other American was wearing a weird polyester leisure suit straight out of SoHo conservative style he had curly hair and looked like an uncomfortable Arab. They all stood looking at each in standoff style but friendly like, the boys from the cars and the boys from the mosque. My paranoia subsided. This was a meeting, not a hunt for me! hay, it is all about me, isn't it?

Out of the mosque came an older long bearded man. From Jack's description of his newfound guru, it was Abdelkarim Khattabi, and the way everyone looked at him, a man of authority. Khattabi's eyes glanced in my direction but without skipping a beat gestured for everyone to come into the mosque. As he walked behind like herding his flock, he turned his head in my direction and looked, maybe not seeing me but knowing I was there.

Thinking of that movie "The road to Morocco" I wondered how the hell was I going to get back to Essaouira and Jack, my Bob Hope and Christine my Dorothy Lamour. I was just 2 yards away from the parked cars. Getting to a car would be easy; driving one of them away would be another thing. I picked Bob's car only because the Security forces guys would get a good laugh at the American's car being stolen. No luck finding the keys in the car and as I became to exercise my, under used, hot wiring skills I heard gun fire going off from inside the mosque my paranoia shot up again. My 'Road to Morocco' movie was turning into 'The 39 Steps' I quickly hopped into the back seat and lowered myself into the foot section. Bob and his partner hopped into the car, and I hear the two other cars take off followed by us. That was a lucky break for me. When the car gets to the main road, I put my pistol up to Bob's Head and said "Essaouira boys, Essaouira. Just shut up and drive". It was easy to tell that Bob was in charge because he would not shut up. Very confident and cocky, "Blow my head off Vet... you won't, you a good American" saying it all with a smile on his face. "What outfit were you with Red"? "Just drive" I said. The less this guy new of me the better, but I had a hunch he knew a lot about me. I was on edge. 'Can't you tell?'

Twenty miles outside Essaouira; what the heck was I going to do with these two guys. "Pull the car over, Bob you stay right where you are" putting the gun to the head of Bob's amigo "you ... out" and off we drove, me the backseat drive and Bob at the wheel.

Admiral Elmo Zumwalt

Chief of Naval Operations. Against President Nixon's orders he sets up operations to remove American civilians out of Morocco before the upcoming "action" Consequentially saving lives of innocent people. Bud, his nickname, was at the end of his time and ready to retire, Nixon hated him, and he hated Nixon. During the 'dark times' when Nixon went mad, it was Zumwalt that kept the navy's nuclear force out of his hands. Few will ever know how close Nixon was to grasping authority of the nuclear part of the navy's power and moving them toward Vietnam. No story, no history will remember the time that Admiral Zumwalt called upon Navy enlisted men to stop the Presidential takeover. No one will never know how many radiomen on these lead ships receiving Admiral Zumwalt's orders committed an act of mutiny by distributing Bud's orders to all enlisted men, against ship's

Captain's orders. It was the enlisted men that forced those ships to return to the command of the USA Navy Chief of Naval Operations. I was on one of those ships at that time. Admiral Elmo Zumwalt is one of my heroes.

Essaouira was alive with tourists. The festival was in its first day. The ocean was teaming with life; in this little fishing village October was its harvest time.

That night Jack and Christine took a couple of tabs of US Grade-A LSD. That evening as I was heading into Essaouira with a gun to the head of my driver, Jack and Christine got lost from each other in the streets of the old Medina, high on the LSD.

Essaouira is a magical town, even more so during festival time. On any given day you can get lost in the streets finding little alleys and cubbies never seen before even though you walked this way many times. Often getting lost, finding yourself at the ocean side city wall, thinking you were heading to the center of town. Imagine the city filled with people, the streets draped with decorations and streamers.

Existential Crisis

Jack wanting to impress Christine offering to share his prize LSD. A cool blue dusk was coming over Essaouira, the sound of a muezzin summoning prayer began their trip and I was 10 minutes away sitting in the back of a car with a gun resting against the head of CIA agent Bob.

Christine liked Jack's knowledge of the world, but it was his innocence with people that she was attracted to the most. She wanted to tease and play with that innocence, to change it, and then go on her way possibly to find me. She kissed him smiled and ran down the street darting into an alley, her body moving in waves from him. He could hear her voice whispering in his ear "Jack catch me Jack" that too drifted off in a wave. Jack moved his hand and saw it fallow itself, he smiled and followed Christine's whispers. Dusk was drawing to an end; the lights of the city began to shine as I and my companion hit the last bend in the road. My home, it glowed wonderfully white a diamond white with a touch of dusk to make it gleam high, my heart was pounding. Jack reached the rampart just as Christine's trail glowed off in the distance along the wall. He placed his hand on the rampart just where Christine did, it gave off a red spark

that tingled his fingers and he could see the yellow thread that led from him to her. Jack found the egg, the egg that she touched in a vender's stall, and it was for him. The cackling mad vender woman forced Jack's eyes to hers and handed him the egg saying, "This is your life my Jesus, this is your child." In his LSD high he could see into oval form, one end larger than the other peering into it, peering into a distant time, seeing the tapestry of his life he a thread passing from the beginning, running through color, life, death, and darkness. He passed through all of this in wonder, seeing a thousand years in an instant, feeling the joy and sorrow of the world. That thread he was following ran right through him, into the egg and to Christine. Jack knew, he knew!

Jack walked up the stairs, opening the door where Christine laid on my bed, the egg in his hand the candles light piercing its shell. She smiled. He kissed each of her breasts and his lips moved down to her belly and her warm place. Jack lifted her onto him, their arms wrapped around each other; they sat on the bed quietly their eyes on each other. And tonight, two lovers sit together as one a slow moving within them. Jack finds himself completely in her. One, only one being now starting to move, becoming alive. That thread within them intertwined and running from heaven to hell, thickening filling them both, there slow movement drawing it to grow, bringing it to life ready to explode in them. The moment Christine touched that egg her belly began to move. The high, the place, Jack, everything, she was going to change tonight and she, afraid. And she was a woman, she would face any fear. Love, Life was to touch her, and she knew. She was to hold life, to give it birth she was woman and woman was to be mother; mother of all. How she trembled at the thought of being one woman and to be the mother of all. Change covered her this night. Celebration was all around. There would only be one conception this night. It would be hers, hers to protect to love. To bring into this world a new life, dare she say a new Christ? The thought was crazy to her, but she would move on her being and would change. With all here being she called Jack to her again. The candlelight pierced her soul and Jack lifted her onto him again. All of her called and pulled at him.

The candles where half spent when Christine opened her eyes and pulled Jack to her breast. He slept now in a dream. She touched her belly. There were two there. Two, and this now was her life, two. God has brought two in the world she thought. There was a

coming of two this night and Christine the guardian of the world's heart. She ran. Ran from this night with her charges.

Christine moved to my grandparent's ranch, that was my ranch, in Northern California and gave birth to a boy and a girl.

A spider bit me in the Philippines. My team was training out in the wilderness. A deadly spider bit me and I was set to die but Booboo Jay saved my life. Booboo Jay, from the Bukidnon tribe in the Philippines was our 'SERE' survival, evasion, resistance, and escape trainer. He worked for the US soldiers that were stranded when Douglas MacArthur left the Philippines in World-War-two just before the Japanese seized the Philippine islands. He now about all the tribal remedies and medicines. That's how he saved my life. Booboo took care of me for a week, taught me about the plants and how to mix medicines, we talked about his religion, he was a Muslim. Booboo told me he would be heading south after this group passed SERE school. A Muslim group was forming, and he wanted to be there.

Bob and I left his car just outside the east gate and we strolled into Jimmy's place. I was Resting my gun on Bob's shoulder, and I said, "Let's have something to drink." For the first time Jimmy was lacking words. In his broken English he asked, "What you doing Rubio". "Shaken things up Jim" I said. The gun, close to the heart of Bob, not sure what to do, I felt the sea rising. "Where the hell is Jack?" Jack was fucking Christine I thought, and I was sitting here in Jimmy's Place sipping mint tea with Bob. Jack was followed that fucking egg and that fucking transcendental thread to Christine, and he would give her a baby. This act, it would shake both of their lives, and mine too. There was life starting in the belly of Christine just around the same moment I was going blow the brains out of Bob.

Did I tell you that Jimmy's place was on the east side of town and its front door opened to the east gates across a cobble stone street spitting into two streets running off each side of his café, like a big V.

The moon was out. Essaouira was filled with wonderful smells and on this festival night those smells were mystical. I could hear the first jeep roll up outside the gate and there we're more to

fallow. Assai's brother with a few cousins and 3 American friends of Bob with black mustaches thinking they fit in, walked into the cafe. Jimmy's brow was sweating; I leaned over and whispered into Bob's ear, "Here comes the Calvary bobby boy. What do you think we should do?" I called to Jimmy, ordering another round of Mint Tea for my friend and me. I waved hello to Assai's brother. "Say hello to your buddies Bob."

I laid my gun on the table pointed at my companion. Like in Saigon, in one of its many gambling rooms, yes, off limits but that did not stop me. The man across from me dealt the cards. I had nothing; it was time to bluff. "Jimmy, I know you have some whisky down there, please bring us a bottle and two glasses." More jeeps drove up, and more men walked into Jimmy's Café. "Ok Bob, I have an idea what's going on" I only had a vague idea as to what was going on "all the psyops crap over the last few months" I filled Bob's glass and slid it to him. "Cheers".

King Husann was just now giving the orders to have his brother assassinated along with a murderous purge on leaders and clerics throughout the country. The U.S. stands strong behind the King of Morocco. America's fingers move across this land tonight.

"If I am going to die tonight so are you. That is all I have Bob. Now we can play nice, yes." I gave him that get ready for combat look. That look that told my guys in Nam; kill or die be true and live well till the end.

I took my last sip of whisky. "Ok Bob let's take a little walk" I put my arm around Bob like we were old buddies, Bob was very calm through all this, surpassingly so, joking a lot, playing the part of the good old wise American buddy, but continually working to get to learn me. I judged him as a superior man, one that hid sharp intelligence. As we walked out of the Café, he gave a reassuring glance over to his fellows Bob said "Pay the bill for us boys, I will be back in a few." I thought maybe.

We headed out the east gate to the Christian Graveyard just as the bells began to ring. "You raised Catholic Bob? I was, not sure I believe in anything much now." Bob smiled in an understanding way. I asked "Were you at the Tet offensive?" he shook his head no. I handed him the pistol. "You were right, I would never kill you, I am fed up with killing. I am going to turn around now Bob and start walking away. You know I have not hurt anyone, sure I cased some trouble, but not too much". With my back to him, I had a hunch Bob would not shoot. He yelled out

to me "You keep on walking, get out of Morocco; it's not going to be safe for you. Head south."

I reached the ocean in about 5 minutes; the moon caused the waves to run a bright streak of amber light to my feet as they entered the sea.

In Casablanca

Prominent Islamic business leaders are arrested, two are beaten to death in their cells. In Marrakech an important Cleric is poisoned by his mistress. Two American x-patriots are shot in the head by the CIA.

In Essaouira Assia's brother kills her husband's father. Prominent Islamic families are murdered in their beds. Hassan the Crazy brother, that went to Mecca, put a curious new singe on his door. "Tonight, you started a Jihad that will fall the towers of Babel"

Mohammed and most his relatives are getting ready to head to the Western Sahara to join forces with the Polisaro A small army opposed to the king.

Jack and Christine have finished love on my bed, in my room. Jack was sleeping Christine was gone the candles had burned down to near end. "Jack, wake up" I said "we got to get going".

We drove Bob's car, that he conveniently left for me, as far south as we could go in Morocco. Tan-Tan, the last camel stop before leaving Morocco.

There is a kind of clarity that comes from the down of an LSD trip and Jack was in that clarity. On our slow drive to Tan-Tan I was still in somewhat of a paranoia, justified by the evening's events. Jack on the other hand was very calm, listened to my story of Marrakesh of Bob and of Ounara the Mosque Abdelkarim Khattabi, the shootings. "And what the hell were doing with Christine in my bed?" I said as if I didn't know. Jack touched my right hand as it gripped tightly the steering wheel. "It's okay Red, it's okay." His calm demeanor, his eyes just catching the morning's light I felt relieved. As I sensed his affection his knowing and warmth, I relaxed the tension in my hand and in my heart. "Jesus Jack what are we going to do?" With that question the air that I was holding onto in my lungs was released. In that moment I was back with my old friend as

close as ever and I did not care what we were going to do, I just cared that we were together. "Red" Jack said calmly "I am going to Timbuktu and study at the library there for a while, then I am going to Mecca. You Red are going back to Essaouira, I want you to send Christine to your grandparent's ranch. Or is it a farm? But whatever it is she needs to go there. Christine is going to have a baby not just her baby or my baby or your baby but our baby and it is up to the three of us to make sure that baby lives well. All those stories you told me about that place all the love and dreams you have about it, it's perfect for Christine and the child." I held back my emotion a little, I loved Christine I loved Jack he was right. Another breath of air left my lungs a little moisture left my eyes and relief came from my mouth "Ya, you are right Jack" as we rolled into Guelmin the sun was up a half hour now, we had time for coffee and a hug goodbye.

Jack and I would stay in touch through the American Express mail forwarding system and would meet up regularly throughout the years as our children grew. Even as our political views grew apart, we remained close. It would take a world's tragedy to put a dent in that closeness, even then, even at what would seem the worst, he and I would come together.

I pulled just outside of the Essaouira gate just before noon, I went into Jimmy's Place and asked him if he had seen Christine. "She is in the back-room Richie, Crazy night, yes? You okay? Jack okay?" I acknowledged to Jimmy that yes it was a crazy night and yes Jack and I are okay.

Christine was not in the same LSD come down clarity that Jack was in. nervously she says "What is going on Red? Where is Jack? What the hell is going on around here? I think I am going to have a baby. What the heck am I going to do with a baby?" I gave her the quick rundown of the political situation here in Morocco, told her where Jack was going, she was not surprised. Then I talked about the plan. The plan to send her back to my farm in California, she had heard my stories of the place many times before, even fantasied about living there; with me with Jack with the both of us, making a family there. Less nervously slit sarcastically, she says "Well how nice of the two of you planning everything out without even talking to me about it. Both of you are assholes. What the hell am I supposed to do on a farm or is it a ranch?" we both laughed. "Really Red I am in a

pickle here, if I go along with this plan how is it going to work?" I could not tell her how it was going to work I had no idea how anything was going to work. "It will be okay" I said with little confidence, "I have no idea how it will work out, but the farm is there it is safe it is paid for and there is enough saved up to take care of things for a long while." I saw the relief come into Christine's eyes, some sorrow too. "Okay Red" Christine said as she put her arms around me kissing my cheek and then my lips. "I love you Red and I love Jack too, I always have. I won't fool myself about that anymore." That clarity came over Christine as the anxiety left. "What's next?" We needed to get up to Casablanca and get on a flight to the States.

The five-and-a-half-hour drive to Casablanca went smooth. The two-and-a-half-hour wait at the airport was strange to say the least, Kafkaesque would be more accurate. A large contingent of armed uniformed security forces patrolled the airport and a much larger; an unusual number of Moroccan citizens were fleeing the political disorder. As the security forces questioned them and their motives for leaving gave the airport an atmosphere of fear and repression. Those turned away had the look of grief, those taken away had a look of panic. On the opposite side of this complete disorder and confusion where the incoming young men in their t-shirts, Levi Jeans, combat boots, backpacks, and short haircuts moving together as units attempting to seem disorganized but inconspicuously not. These were the mercenaries, the invisibles, the soldiers of fortune you read about in trashy magazines, The magazines young boys, like myself, found hidden away in their father's nightstand or under their beds. Those magazines that romanced combat and killing with images of half-dressed foreign women often Asian, tall sleek and busty with a gun in hand and an aka or m-16 draped over her shoulder. Magazines Reminding me that my father was still a man that he still loved war and if I could just be like the men in those magazines, I too would be loved by beautiful women I too would be seen as a man a hero. But now on this day I had come and gone through that young boy's fantasies of hero and war, there was no Jade East oriental beauty, just a hungry dirty present girl holding a dead or dying child in her arms as I marched by her looking into her eyes seeing her longing for protection and relief. I gave none of that I was no hero just a young man lost in a war of many lost men with mud on our faces.

I looked into the eyes of the young men that passed by me at the airport. They were fresh bight and full of adventure. One set of eyes caught mine and a fire haired boy leaned in my direction. In a hush louder than a whisper but not a full voice "Hay dude it's not over yet, is it?" I told him "No it is not over yet". His eyes lit up and a wry smile came on his face. And I thought to myself "it is never over".

I put my arm around Christine and picked up the pace, picked up her ticket that we had arranged at the American Express office earlier that day, and made our way to the departing gate. "My mother is going to pick you up at San Francisco and take you up to the farm. Everything is arranged" tears falling from her eyes and mine too, "I will get out there as soon as I can" that was a lie, but I did not know it at the time. "I will call and write" that was not a lie. I could see on her face, she feared she would never see me again. I feared it too but kept it from my face. We hugged and kissed as if it was the last, saying "goodbye and I love you" many times, as if that may never be said again also.

I held her hand as security forces ran out to the Air France plane. A double column of men holding their weapons at the ready. The French stewardess in her petite sacred voce gave the order to run, run to the plain and don't look back. The group of frightened travelers ran; French delegates, foreign diplomats, privileged Moroccans, Christine, and others moved like a flock of birds as if avoiding the hunters below. I watched from the departing gate window as they boarded the plane. It rolled out to the field and off to the left turning around picked up speed coming back to my right lifting and away to Paris then New York and San Francisco. In twenty-four-hours Christine would be in a strange but warm home, a place I knew as sanctuary and security. This day I felt like a man, a hero, this day I did not walk past the girl with a child in need. As I left the airport two men polity insisted, I join them on a little trip to the American Embassy, in their car with a little American flag on the antenna, the kind that is permanently stiff. I felt no need to resist, all that I loved was safe. Jack was off on his new adventure, Christine was heading home, and I, I was free to let go, to stop fighting. Delightfully I said "Okay boys, the ambassador awaits my audience. Step on it."

October 1972 flight to America

The flight from Casablanca to Paris was short and uneventful. The flight from Paris to New York was long, filled with contemplation and reflection. It started even before she could remember, just a vague image of her mother battered and beaten black dark eyes swollen lip twisted arm snapped like a twig, Christine and her younger brother James on the floor, His eyes empty staring at a toy fire engine, her crying, their mother slowly moving toward them to comfort them in her pain. Their father gone back to the bar where he would drink himself to sleep. This was her first inkling before memory a speck of the dreadful life to come. Her mother was to be beaten again and again, James too, but for Christine she was spared the beatings, it was something else her father wanted from her. A child betrayed by the first man she loved a wound so deep it could never heal. Christine and James ran away to New York, she eighteen, he sixteen, both carrying a guilt that would never heal; they left their mother behind; that exhausted and dejected figure of a women, behind to suffer still more pain delivered by the once loved monster. He only to find peace, by his own hand in suicide. Christine never went back James did, he went to his mother's funeral. He Cursed his father's tombstone; swore he would see him in hell and there would take his revenge. Shortly after the funeral James traveled to Diabat. He had heard stories in New York of people like him with dark souls and battered lives. They went to explore death and dying in the mysteries of belladonna the 'Beautiful Woman'. Christine would soon fallow to find her brother, to protect him again, but first she would meet Richard and Jack, and their kindness strength and good hearts. She would fall in love again for the first time. And her love for them reminded her, it brought her back to her father. Again, she ran away to find her brother, now half dead and dying and she wanted to die too to go with him to hell. But Red and Jack found her again loved her again. Her brother James dancing with the 'Beautiful Woman' walked with her into the ocean as many ill-fated lovers had before him. He was buried in the Christian cemetery just outside the gates of Essaouira. And as that plane flew away from all she loved except the babies inside her, she wondered how life got her here and where it was taking her. She drifted into a soft sleep and the two beings within her, taking the nutrition of her flesh in return nourished her soul, in return thy would heal her heart. It would be their love for her and her love for them, that would be her new life her calling her redemption. In her dreams Christine saw the very tree Richard played under as a young boy, the tree that was home to

him. In that dream and under that tree a young girl and boy would grow to become the salvation of mankind.

The New York stopover was a short three hours. Christine had no desire to go into that city, her life was no longer there. She waited at the gate of united flight 364 to San Francisco nonstop and waited to be whisked away. In the waiting area she was seated across from a kind looking man in his early fifties slightly gray slightly balding unassuming in all respect except for his clerical collar that set him apart from most men. That collar, like those on a slave or a dog that thing around the neck that distinguishes one as a servant or property of another master. That was his most prominent feature. Christine did not notice him at first but when she drifted out of her thoughts and looked around the room, first to see the time then to see the company around her, there she saw a genital man across the way reading 'No Man is an Island' a book Jack spoke to her about often. Then she noticed he was a priest holding the book that was being read. He rested his eyes, placed the bookmark in its place and sat back in a contemplative yet open aura. Wholly unlike herself Christine, she moved a few seats closer to where the priest was sitting, and broke into a conversation, asking the priest if he liked the book telling him that a good friend spoke of it with enthusiasm and respect. Telling him that her friend had spent time at Gethsemani Abbey. Father Thomas introduced himself and gently and confidently moved to the seat next to Christine. These kinds of gestures normally where upsetting to Christine but Father Thomas's kind eyes put her at easy. "I too was at Gethsemani. It is a lovely place" he said in a soft-spoken comforting voice. "And yes, your friend is correct it is a wonderful book". They comfortably talked for two hours Christine telling him most all her story, he listening. The time flew by and soon they boarded the half empty jet plane. This time Christine, after takeoff, hesitantly got up from her seat and with apprehension in her voice asked Father Thomas if she could sit in the empty seat next to him. Without any hesitation gestured 'please do' and they continued their heart felt discussion all the way to San Francisco. As Christine and Father Thomas departed the plane in the jetway he gave her his book placing it in her hand and holding it there as she tried to return it back. "I want you to have it Christine, something to remember our lovely talk." Out in the lobby they said their goodbyes ending with a warm hug. Christine had never felt so

comfortable with the older man priest. Later that week when Christine was organizing things at the farm just south of Orville, she looked at that book again opening it to where the bookmark was placed. On the bookmark was a photo of a small Church and under the photograph was 'St. Anthony Catholic Church 10120 La Porte Rd. Challenge CA. Pastor: Father Thomas Sinclair'. The way Christine's life going currently well she was not very surprised, but she was presently surprised. Challenge California was just two miles away from the farm. It was not that first Sunday, but the following Sunday, Christine went to mass in Challenge California, and she would for many Sundays there on.

October 1973

I was having a usual meeting with Bob at one of the designated cafés in Tripoli. Tripoli was now my new home and base of operations for me and my partner Mohammed Dada, he was more of a partner than benefactor these days. Ever since we left Morocco and since I made a deal with the CIA at that embassy meeting in Casablanca, I had moved up in the smuggling business. My reputation for acquiring hi quality hi end arms and ammunition was bar none. Little did anyone know that my connection and supplier was the good old United States. Little did anyone know that all my trade deals all the transactions were thoroughly documented and relayed back to the CIA. At this meeting all I really wanted to know from Bob is when I could get some time off to go home and see my kids? They were three months old now and I was going to see them no matter what. "Hell, Red" Bob said, "we gave you an O-9 pay grade for this job, and with the money you skim off your sales, I think you are making much more than me and I don't get any vacations" I insisted "Just ten days Bob that's all I ask, it's going to happen with or without your cooperation." That was a lie.

Jacques Ibarra Elizondo, Jack's full name, Practiced riding camels outside the gates of Fez. Unlike all the other tourists riding a camel for the first and only time, Jack found it exhilarating. Jack also had a knack with the temperamental animal, mastering the ride without assistance in a few short

hours. Within a few days of riding, he could handle the meanest of the camel bread.

At the place we departed, me heading back to Essaouira, he, riding out of Guelmin with a trading caravan on a camel. Jack was so proficient at the task to a degree that the other members of the caravan considered him an asset rather than a liability.

The trek through the central Sahara was slow and steady, mostly traveling by night resting during the day for only a few hours at a time at designated spots where shade and water was sparse but available. Jack spent much of his ride meditating and imagining. Imagining how different his life might be if he had not met Richard and Christine. Wondering if he had might not lost his faith in Jesus. The Jesus Christ he grew up with, read about loved and prayed to. The image he searched for, the second coming he longed for. All this seem lost to him now as he looked upon the southern hemisphere sky and all its stars clear and bright so close, he could almost touch them. For the first time Jack did not know where life was taking him. For the first time Jack was traveling without his God.

The Hoggar Mountains, now seen ahead, off in the distance roused both camels and men of the caravan. The pace quickened as Mount Tahat drew closer. It seems like the mouton was moving towards them with each step they took towards it. An illusion Jack thought but a pleasant one.

"Tamanrasset Algeria 22°47'6"N 5°31'22"E at an altitude of 4,330 feet. Inhabited mostly by the Tuareg people who inhabit a large area, covering almost all the middle and Western Sahara and north-central Sahel. The Tuareg language is a branch of the Barber languages"

All this Jack was very familiar with. But Jack understood that knowing and being were two different things. The feel of the Hoggar Mountains the city of Tamanrasset and the pull of Mount Tahat was all new to Jack. The language he could speak was familiar on his tongue but the conversations with the Tuareg people were new exhilarating even.

Ever since that night in Essaouira Jack did not sleep well. The trip through the desert was contemplative but lonely and unrestful. Christine was gone Red was gone and he, he was lost. No God to comfort him faith was now an illusion. Tamanrasset would be his oasis, his new start. The Tuareg would be his new

tribe. Jack's caravan moved on and Jack took a place on a side street of Avenue Emir Abdelkader with a lonely white door in the middle of an earth brown stucco building. Two sparse olive trees stood guard on each side of the door. Inside, three rooms, the living room decorated with carpets on the walls sparsely furnished, the kitchen with a modest wood stove for cooking with no running water, and a bedroom with a western bed and furniture. In the bedroom there was a small western style bathroom. The house had no windows facing the street but did have windows and French doors facing the courtyard in all three rooms. The courtyard was the true amenity of the place, lush green, full of trees flowers and a central fountain of fresh well water.

Jack's first night there he dreamed in a deep sleep. A figure moved towards him from Tahat Mountain. Colorful hijabe and niqab moved with the evening breeze as she approached. Her shawl covered yet delicately outlined her under soft garments. The dream aroused Jack in slow waves as he slept. The tinkle of mettle could be heard as she approached, her right arm adorned with seven bands of silver the left with seven bands of gold, a piecework necklace of gold and pearls round her neck. Closer now close enough for Jack to touch this vision. She handed him a glass goblet of water and she slowly lowered her veil, leaned in and kissed Jack's lips as she placed in his free hand a golden Aureus. Jack looked into her eyes, and they revealed Christine, and he began to cry in his sleep. The dream vision caressed his cheek and whispered "drink the water Jack. Your faith is in the well" Jack woke in a spell of weeping his face wet with tears, it was morning, and the sun was coming up. His dream broke his heart in a way that mended the damage of his past. He went into the courtyard and wash his face in its well. The cool water caressed him like the hands of his beloved, the water moved over his lips like her lips and he was refreshed.

(The ghost spirit of Tahat Mountain: Tin Hinan she was a fourth century Venus princess queen i.e. tamenukalt. Her right forearm adorned with seven silver bands and her left forearm with seven gold bands. With an ornate piecework necklace of gold and pearls, a glass goblet in one hand and a Roman gold Aureus coin in the other. Tin Hinan travels from the Tafilalt oasis in the Atlas Mountains accompanied by her maidservant Takamat and her daughter Kella to the foot of Tahat Mountain faces east and

prays to Mecca and returns to her oasis to repeat the pilgrimage over and over throughout all time.)

Egypt 1928 The Muslim Brotherhood was formed to oppose secular and Western ideas in the Middle East.

November 20 1979

Heavily armed Islamic Fundamentalists besieged Al-Masjid al-Haram in Mecca. Jack was with them. Osama bin Laden was working for his father's construction company at the mosque, it was rumored he sneaked in hundreds of weapons.

My God, the Eighties were here. Almost Ten years stealth. Nobody really knows me.

I wrote to Christine often, kept her up on what was happening to Jack if I could. She made that boy and girl in my bed, I had no children of my own. Why the hell I took them on as mine I will never know? I was just acting on my instincts. Those instincts told me to "look after the mother of the world" for me that mother was Christian. I did what I could and in time she and the children would keep me alive in a world of deceit.

Children growing a boy and a girl. A single mother looking after her offspring. Who could imagine these children to be the saviors of the 21's century?

Bob had told me he sent some of his "Buddies" to see how Christine was. "Drop it Bob, let those folks be."

"The saviors of the 21st century world, conceived in your bed, Christ fulfilled as both man and woman." That is what Jack was telling me just before he was to head to Mecca with Hassan.

"And all that you did, all the killing all the deceit, degradation.. Given all this, your life is one to look after these children even if you be thousands of miles away. Dedicate your life to them."

A memory:

In a small hamlet I moved with my gun ready, turning a corner. A child sat before me and I pointed my weapon at the baby. He looked up into my eyes and I could see the explosive tied to his frail body. I fell to my knees before him. If only I could release the small charge from him. He exploded in my face. I suffered only shock, they told me "a miracle". When no one was looking at me I cried. I cried alone from that day on never again to cry in the company of any other soul.

Mecca

Jack changed his name to Abu I-Wahhab after the founder of an Islamic sect. The Muwahhidum or Wahhabism.

April 10th 1986

Bob and I sat in our usual seat at the Cafe Tripoli, he ordered two glasses of whisky, not his usual thing to do. The traffic whizzing by, the noise in the streets was more intense then usual.

Since May of 84 Gadhafi was putting the pressure on and few felt safe. Mohammed's family was very close to Gadhafi's family we had it rather easy, crossing the closed boarders at will, moving large shipments unimpeded, but now it was getting very crazy. One of Mohammed's cousins was called to the palace and has not been seen since. Some of the closest to Mu'ammaru were dropping like flies.

Bob lifted his glass, I casually lifted mine.

I knew something was up I did not say a word. God I wanted to stop that hi pitched beeping of French, Italian and English cars all competing for the attention of my ears. "Pack your bags Red." He put the glass to his lips, I followed. "You know, since the 70's and that ass nationalized the oil, we and the Brits have been after him." He still had those old beetles glasses the ones that showed you in his eyes. "it's the eighty's Bob when you going to get some new frigin specks." "Don't be around after the 16th" "what the hell you telling me this for" "I like you" "ya,.. fuck you"

I had been hangen with Bob some 10 years now. When he got like this I took note. "Just you Red, don't tell anyone" "Fuck you... you should not have told me anything... fuck you." Before we parted we hugged in each others arms for a long time, I whispered in his ear "I have other friends here" and he in mine "Go visit Jack in Mecca, I will see you there.

On April 17 my home in Benghazi was bombed by American plains, I and a few of my friends where not in town that day. What a good luck it was we took most our wealth and family with us. Bob was very pissed for a long time that I informed my old benefactor of his "confidential warning" he finally figured it out, I would do

whatever I wanted with what he told me. But I would never put him in danger.

1987 Hassan Dbihi and Jack in Mecca, Saudi Arabia Birthplace of Muhammad who would become the profit of Islam.

Mecca, the first place created on earth, the original birth place of Eden the place Adam and Eve left.

I met Jack at the Black Stone of Mecca, "you must come to the kabah" "Jack, how are you?" "I walk the Kabah everyday, walk with me". I did as he requested and we headed to the center of the entire world to walk the circle around its axle.

"I have met a holy man, Osama, he is from an old family here, wealth, status, pride. Like all of us types, you know red. He is a leader a profit, from here, the center of everything, and I am going with him."

Jack Jack Jack.....

I walked the Kabah for the first time in this place and I realized I have been wacking the Kabah in every place I have been.

Two children stood like two towers hand in hand twirling in a field, off in a distance two bullets were flying to their heads. They looked as they came, knowing they would crash into each other at the center of the world and pain would be traded.

Jack and I walked the Kabah, the saint was ready to make a deal with the devil. Neither of us knew the deal we made would lead to a war against the Russians in Afghanistan, lead Jack and Jill running up a hill to fetch a pail of water and Bob providing all the guns. And not a one of us knowing we would sacrifice children on the temple of God.

January 1992 Jack and I walked again, we new. The guns the sacrifice the killings. On both sides. we new. "I am leaving, I want you to come with me Jack."

They left to Australia that next day. South Australia's Vivonne Bay Beach and stayed there for the rest of there lives.

In 1992, a ghastly war broke out between government security forces and Islamic rebels after the army canceled the country's first democratic legislative elections, which the radical Islamic Salvation Front won. Tens of thousands of Algerians have died, and over 7,000 "disappeared." Since the early 90's, the Algerian government has projected itself as the country's only defense against theocratic despotism. In Mr. Harbi's view, this is a false choice, since, he said, most Algerians reject both the state and its radical Islamist opponents. The army and the rebels, he argues, are objective allies: both sides refuse to allow Algerians to govern themselves, both reject political pluralism and both are willing to use extreme violence — and even, some reports suggest, to cooperate behind the scenes — to further their aims.

On February 26, 1993, at about 17 minutes past noon, a thunderous explosion rocked lower Manhattan. The epicenter was the parking garage beneath the World Trade Center, where a massive eruption carved out a nearly 100-foot crater several stories deep and several more high. Six people were killed almost instantly.

September 11, 2001 at 8:14 AM EDT
four coordinated Islamist suicide terrorist attacks carried out by Al-Qaeda, and led by Osama ben Laden, against the United States. 19 terrorists hijacked four commercial airliners.

The terrorist attacks on September 11, 2001, at the World Trade Center took the lives of nearly 3,000 people that morning and have taken many others since.

September 2001

Cristine's children were all gowned up, educated compassionate caring and happy people. Both are lawyers working together with charitable institutions in the top of World Trade Center one. On September 11, miraculously survived and helping many people out of the building. After that assisting the people that lost their loved ones.

OR

September 2001

Cristine's children were all gowned up, educated compassionate caring and happy people. Both are lawyers working together with charitable institutions in the top of World Trade Center two. On September 11, and never found.

**You
decide**

This is not a finished story, I have been working on this for a long long time, and it still needs more work more editing, cleaning up, more excitement more drama less blah blah blah but still it is **The End** I have to let it go and move on. I hope you found some joy sorrow some enlightenment excitement and more in it. It was my pleasure to write this.

The cast

Richard Matthew Sweeny Red Rubio Rick Richie

Jacques Ibarra Elizondo
Jack

Christine Stephany Reed

Bob Z CIA Robert Zake

Father Thomas Sinclair Catholic Priest

The children Jack and Jill birth 1972